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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THE BIPARTISAN "AMERICAN SABBATH."

MR. PLATT MAKES THE LAW FOR THE FRONT DOOR AND MR. CROKER FOR THE SIDE DOOR.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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CONTENTS, NO. 2033.

CARTOON. The Bipartisan American Sabbath. W. A. Rogers.

EDITORIALS.

THE TROUBLES IN THE EAST. Smyrna. Ill'd. Robert Howard Russell.

THE FIRST ANNUAL LIVE-STOCK Show, Madison Square Garden, New York. Illustrated.

LIFE AND LETTERS. W. D. Howells.

OUR FLIMSY FIRE-TRAPS. With Maps. Edward Marshall.

TWO CHARACTERISTIC VILLAGES at the Cotton States and International Exposition, Atlanta, Georgia. Illustrated. Maude Andrews.

THE TOW. Short Story. Ill'd. C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne.

NEW SINGERS AT THE OPERA. W. J. Henderson.

THE IMPROVED POSTAL CARS. Illustrated.

THE MINNESOTA CAPITOL BUILDing. Illustrated.

TO THE LYRIC MUSE IN WINTER. Poem. R. K. Munkittrick.

IN THE BOXES AT THE OPERA. Double-page Illustration. A. B. Wenzell.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF THE United States. Sixth Paper.—High Schools. F. W. Hewes.

THE JEFFERSON HOTEL, Richmond, Virginia. Illustrated.

AN UNDESIRABLE PUBLIC OFfice. George Grantham Bain.

ALEXANDER DUMAS FILS. With Portrait. E. Irenæus Stevenson.

THE TWO NEW BATTLE-SHIPS. Ill'd. R. G. Skerrett.

THIS BUSY WORLD.

AMATEUR SPORT. Golf on Various Links, New England and Western Football, etc. Ill'd. Caspar W. Whitney.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S REPORT.

AFTER announcing with evident satisfaction that the revenues of the postal service, after a long period of depression, have during the last three-quarters of the past fiscal year shown a considerable increase, and thereby given clear evidence of reviving prosperity, and after discussing some matters of postage and other business detail, the Postmaster-General in his annual report puts forth suggestions concerning the *personnel* of the postal service which are of the highest importance, considering the immense number of men employed in that department, and the peculiar nature of their duties. In the first place he administers to the letter-carriers an admonition, which, no doubt, has been called forth by the insubordinate and slovenly conduct of some of them, while he bears testimony to the excellent character of that branch of the service as a whole. He says:

"An indispensable basis of good service has been laid by placing the carrier force under the civil service system, and no effort should be spared to insure a high morale in this force, and to familiarize the idea among individual carriers that, as they enter the service by the merit system alone, so likewise they remain in it by no tenure but that of the faithful and efficient discharge of duties which demand self-respect and honorable living."

The opponents of civil service reform have always argued that any greater fixity of tenure than that which was enjoyed by public servants under the spoils system would engender among them a demoralizing feeling of security, and an overbearing spirit apt rather to deteriorate than to improve the efficiency of the service. This would be true if tenure did not depend upon conduct, and if the standard of conduct were not raised by the circumstance that the public servant had entered the service on the basis of merit. Of all the persons in the public service the many thousands of letter-carriers find themselves, perhaps, most bound together by the uniformity of their duties and of their interests. This feeling has induced them to form themselves into an organization very much like a trade-union for the protection and furtherance of those common interests. But if in that organization there are any foolish persons who think that its power can be used to protect individual letter-carriers against the consequences of inefficiency or misconduct, they cannot too promptly take to heart the lesson administered to them by the Postmaster-General. Some time ago he instituted a searching inquiry into the conduct of letter-carriers in different parts of the country, and the result has been the dismissal of an appreciable number of them. Thus the Postmaster-General has proved that he knows not only how to talk, but also how to act when the fact is to be demonstrated that the merit system means a more secure tenure only on condition of more efficient service.

A no less important point in the Postmaster-General's report is the recommendation that "at least three of the Assistant Postmasters-General should secure their office by a civil service or merit tenure, and not by a political tenure." We know such a proposition as that Assistant Secretaryships in the executive departments in Washington shall no longer be used as "plums" for meritorious partisans will take the old spoils politicians' breath away. Yet nothing can be more sensible and conclusive than Mr. WILSON'S reasoning. He says:

"If such officials are to be real heads of their bureaus, intimately acquainted with all the machinery and working of them, competent to direct and able to infuse their own intelligence and zeal among their subordinates, they should have a tenure at least as assured from the mutations and chances of political control as those subordinates. The continuity of the department should be preserved in changes of administration, not only along the line of its subordinate and separate service, but in that larger grasp of its history, its daily work, and its healthful progress which is found alone with those who direct and control its various bureaus."

The whole question is whether the administrative offices of the government shall be managed with a sole view to an economical, intelligent, and efficient conduct of business in the interest of the public, or not. If they are, then hardly anything seems more necessary than that the new department chief or cabinet minister, who, as everybody admits, is in his capacity of political adviser to the President a political officer, should find in his department men who are conversant with the administrative conduct of it, and those men he should keep there. For, as every public man of experience knows, a new Secretary, when he takes hold of his departmental duties, is usually a very helpless being, and he must be a very industrious man if during the four years of his tenure he penetrates far beneath the surface of departmental affairs. Non-political Under-Secretaries who hold office on the merit tenure, and stand ready to supply that business knowledge and experience which the chief has not and cannot have, are therefore a necessity, and we find them in all well-regulated governments.

This applies not only to the Assistant Postmasters-General, but to Assistant Secretaries in the Treasury and the Interior Departments likewise, as well as to the Commissioners of Public Lands, of Indian Affairs, of Pensions, of Patents, of Education, of Customs, of Internal Revenue, of the Currency, as well as to the Registers, and Auditors, and Comptrollers, and so on, officers who have absolutely nothing to do with the so-called "political policy" of the administration. Nor is there the slightest reason why such offices should not be filled by promotion from lower official ranks, or by some other method on the principles of the merit system, unless it be the reason of the spoils politician, that those places are needed as plunder to reward partisan campaigners.

It can hardly be assumed that Mr. WILSON should have put forth a recommendation of such importance without previous consultation with the President. Action in accordance with them may therefore reasonably be hoped for. Mr. WILSON does not include in his proposition the Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General, "because fourth-class postmasters, whose appointments are primarily allotted to him, are yet outside of the civil service or merit tenure." He also confesses that, after having studied the bills introduced in Congress with a view to bringing the fourth-class postmasters under civil service rules, he does not yet see his way clear to express his entire approval of any of them, while he warmly desires to see their object accomplished. Meanwhile he will proceed under the President's recent order—which we elaborately discussed in these columns two weeks ago—an order which, if acted upon with boldness and vigor, may render further legislation concerning fourth-class postmasters unnecessary. It may prove to be like the egg of COLUMBUS—a very simple solution, in great part at least, of a puzzling problem.

DIVIDED RESPONSIBILITY AT WASHINGTON.

A DEMOCRATIC President has just discharged the duty laid upon him by the Constitution, that "he shall, from time to time, give to the Congress information of the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient." These recommendations are addressed by the executive to a legislative body neither house of which is controlled by the party to which he belongs, while the popular branch has an overwhelming opposition majority.

Anomalous, however, as the present situation seems, it is a remarkable fact that, since the rise of modern political parties two generations ago, nearly every President has found one or other branch of Congress, and sometimes both, controlled by his political opponents during the last half of his term. Indeed, leaving out of account the abnormal conditions in Congress between 1861 and 1873, produced by secession and reconstruction, we must go back the sixty years to JACKSON'S day to find an instance where the party which carried a Presidential election has retained unchallenged control of Congress during the whole four years.

VAN BUREN received 170 of the 294 electoral votes in 1836, and the administration controlled both branches of the Twenty-fifth Congress; but during the next two years the Whigs gained ground so steadily and largely that the House chosen in 1838 was almost evenly divided, and after a contest that lasted a fortnight the Democrats failed to elect their candidate for Speaker. By 1840 the Whig tide swept everything before it, and the "Tippecanoe and TYLER too" campaign brought in a Whig Senate and House, as well as President; but in 1842 the Democrats regained control of the House.

The Democratic executive elected in 1844 addressed his messages for two years to Democratic majorities in both branches, but Mr. POLK found the voters in 1846 turning over the House to the Whigs. Again the tide set toward the Whigs long enough to give them the Presidency, but during the four years served by TAYLOR and FILLMORE both branches were Democratic.

The Democrats carried the next two Presidential elections by great majorities, PIERCE receiving 254 of the 296 electoral votes in 1852 and BUCHANAN 174 of the 296 in 1856. In each case the Democrats also carried the House, and through the eight years, as during the previous eight, the Senate remained Democratic. But the "anti-Nebraska men" controlled the lower branch during the last half of PIERCE'S term, and a House organized by the Republicans, as these had meanwhile come to call themselves, confronted "the old public functionary" from 1859 to 1861.

The next dozen years were characterized by such revolutionary conditions in the composition of Congress that they must be dismissed from consideration. It may properly be noted, however, that while the Republicans and the "Unionists," who voted with them, numbered during the first half of LINCOLN'S administration 135, or a clear majority of what would have been the full House of 237 members with the seceded States represented, the elections of 1862 brought such a reaction in New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and other Northern States, that their combined strength sank to 103 out of 243 under a new apportionment.

In the elections of 1872 the Republicans swept everything before them, but a "tidal wave" in 1874 gave the Democrats a large majority in the House. During the twenty-four years between GRANT'S second election and the expiration of CLEVELAND'S present term no President has failed to find one branch of Congress opposed to him during the last half of his term. The Republican who was awarded the office by the Electoral Commission in 1876 had, indeed, a Democratic House during his whole term, and a Congress Democratic in both branches during the last half.

The Republicans not only elected the President in 1880, but secured control of both the Senate and the House, only to lose the latter, however, two years later. The Democratic President chosen in 1884 found the Senate controlled by the Republicans through his four years. Mr. CLEVELAND'S first administration, however, was the only one since JACKSON'S (leaving out the war and reconstruction period) in which the opposition failed to carry the House elected midway in the term.

Again, in 1888, as in 1880, the Republicans secured Presidency, Senate, and House, only again to lose the House by an overwhelming majority two years later. The elections of 1892 gave the Democrats simultaneous control of the Presidency and both branches of Congress, for the first time since 1857–9; but another "tidal wave" in 1894 has left them in the minority in each chamber.

It thus appears that in the more than fifty years since VAN BUREN'S success in extorting from the second Congress of his term the passage of the "Sub-Treasury bill" on which his heart had been set, no President (except during the war period) has had throughout his term a legislative department that was in sympathy with his policy. There have been six Presidential terms in the quarter century opening with GRANT'S second inauguration. In each case the executive has encountered a Congress of which at least one branch was hostile during the last half of the term; in two instances (1877–81, and 1885–9) one House has been controlled by the opposition during the entire term.

Exceptional causes have contributed to produce the frequent political revolutions in the popular branch. For example, twice during the *ante-bellum* period (in 1837 and 1857) and twice since reconstruction days (in 1873 and 1893) has a financial panic, followed by a prolonged business depression, put the party in power at a great disadvantage in the succeeding elections. But a frequent division of power and responsibility seems inevitable under our system. An overwhelming expression of public sentiment may give one party the Presidency and the House, and yet the Senate may

be dominated by the other for years. The two Republican successes in 1858 and 1860 failed to give the party a majority of a full Senate at LINCOLN'S inauguration. Three Democratic Houses had to be chosen in 1874, 1876, and 1878 before that party gained control of the Senate.

BAGEHOT found "the efficient secret of the English constitution" in what he described as "the close union, the nearly complete fusion, of the executive and legislative powers," through the cabinet as "the connecting link." The framers of the American Constitution made the separation of the executive and legislative powers so complete that not once in two generations, save in the stress of war, has a President found Congress ready to endorse his policy throughout his term.

BLASTED HOPES.

No intelligent man doubts that the main reason for Tammany's triumph in the last municipal election was the revolt against the enforcement of the Sunday-closing law. Enough German votes were cast for PURROY for County Clerk, for SOHMER for Register, for SMYTH and TRUAX and MACLEAN for judges, and for the rest of the Tammany candidates to defeat the fusion ticket. The voters who brought about this triumph of vice wanted their beer on Sunday. They were assured that they would not get their Sunday beer in that way; that neither PURROY the County Clerk, nor SOHMER the Register, nor the judges could give them that. Nevertheless, they persisted in striking at ROOSEVELT at no loss to him, at the cost of much to the cause of good government, and with no gain to themselves.

Now they are beginning to learn the facts of the situation. The State is in the hands of PLATT, the most potent and effective ally of Tammany Hall. Both branches of the Legislature are controlled by Republicans, who were elected on a platform which declared not only in favor of the strict enforcement of the present Sunday law, but of its retention on the statute-books. The Germans who followed RIDDER were deceived. Their best friends told them the truth about this political adventurer, but they would not believe their friends, and preferred the counsel of those who were intent on using them for their own purposes, and they are about to reap their rich reward.

The *Herald* has polled the Republican members of the Senate and the Assembly, the result being to discover that there is an overwhelming majority of the Republican Legislature in favor of the Sunday-closing law. What they were told would be true has come to pass. Their quarrel did not lie with Mr. ROOSEVELT. No matter what may be thought of his manner of enforcing a law, it is somewhat difficult for a good citizen to formulate opposition to one who has sworn to administer a certain statute on the ground that he is keeping his oath. They wanted to change the law as it affects this city, and they did all in their power to help put the city again under the control of men who do not want a change of law, and who agree with PLATT and his Republicans in the sentiment that a Sunday-closing law is the finest source of campaign and other revenues known to the modern "boss."

It may be that the Germans who followed RIDDER over to Tammany may in the far future have beer on Sunday, but, if they do, it will not be because of a more liberal law; it will not be because they have gained the right to have it; it will not be because Mr. ROOSEVELT'S Tammany-PLATT successors do not enforce the law; it will be because the old criminals who were driven out of place with the aid of these very Germans have been restored. If the men who have turned their backs on good government on the beer question drink beer hereafter on Sunday, it will be in a saloon whose proprietor or whose mortgagee has bribed the police captain to permit this violation of the law. Many of the beer-sellers who rose up against Mr. ROOSEVELT will have no more privileges under a restored Tammany than they have now. Their doors will be closed in order that their rivals on the next corner or across the street may reap the pecuniary rewards of the kind of favoritism that was exposed by the LEXOW committee, an exposure that made the name of New York city a synonym for all that is vile and degrading in municipal government.

The future plans of the allied "bosses" are evident. LAUTERBACH, speaking for his master, PLATT, announces that the Republican machine will never again unite with Democrats or others for the purpose of overthrowing Tammany. LAUTERBACH knows that the Republicans cannot carry this city. He knows that this straight party ticket would merely result in Tammany's triumph. But a Tammany Mayor to succeed Mr. STRONG is what the PLATT Republicans want, and when their desire is gratified, the Germans who voted for PURROY for County Clerk, for SOHMER for Register, and for SMYTH, TRUAX, and MACLEAN for justices of the Supreme Court, to punish ROOSEVELT for enforcing the Sunday-closing law, will enjoy precisely the same privileges that they enjoyed under CROKER and GILROY and GRANT, and "Jimmy" and "Barney" MARTIN, and "Paddy" DIVVER. Their streets will be dirty. The justice that is provided for the poor and the friendless will gradually drift back into the hands of the drunken or criminal or ignorant reprobates who once before sold men's rights to them through the agency of the "pull." They will have their beer, but they will pay for it the price that Tammany demands for the privilege of breaking the law. With CROKER again on his throne in Fourteenth Street, and PLATT still at the source of legislation at Albany, the law will remain as it is to-day, and as it is likely to remain until all those who are in favor of a more liberal statute shall learn that laws cannot be changed by a County Clerk, or by a Register, or by justices of the Supreme Court, and that PLATT and CROKER do not propose that the law shall be changed so long as they can reap such revenues as will always flow to them from the coffers of those who find it profitable to buy the privilege of breaking the law.

The Sunday-closing law cannot be of great advantage to the Republican politicians of the State under present conditions, but the triumph won by Tammany in the recent contest leads them to hope for a complete triumph in 1897, when the time comes for electing a new Mayor. Then if Tammany triumph the laws will be ready to be put into operation once more on the bipartisan plan. Then PLATT and his virtuous rural Republicans will close the front doors of all the saloons, while CROKER, or his successor, will collect tribute from the side doors of the whiskey-dealers with a "pull."

It is early in the day, perhaps, for the Germans who followed RIDDER to the slums of Fourteenth Street to recognize the truth of the warnings of their real friends, but the poll which the *Herald* has taken ought to lead them to inquire what PURROY and SOHMER and the Tammany judges are going to do to defeat this determination of the Republicans to keep the Sunday-closing law on the statute-book against the return of the good old day when a bipartisan Police Commission shall administer it in the good old profitable bipartisan way. It seems like an enormous price to pay for a Sunday glass of beer.

THE ABBEY SHAKESPEARE.

THERE is something of hazard in the undertaking to clothe the comedies of SHAKESPEARE in apparel that is adequately beautiful, but no higher praise can be bestowed upon an illustrator than that which a competent critic has bestowed upon the work of Mr. EDWIN A. ABBEY, in the four beautiful volumes just published by Harper & Brothers, entitled *The Comedies of William Shakespeare, with Many Drawings by Edwin A. Abbey*. This critic, writing in the New York *Sun*, says:

"As an example of the art of book-making the work surpasses anything that these publishers have heretofore put forth, while as an illustrated work it is the richest and most artistic that has yet come from the American press. We doubt if the French or English press has ever produced its equal. They have, of course, produced works of greater magnitude and ambition, but in respect of artistic workmanship and erudition we think this work unique among modern productions."

And so it is true that never before have these mirthful and sad comedies, teeming with the best and stateliest, the lowliest, meanest, and most sordid of the men and women of SHAKESPEARE'S England, been so worthily pictured and printed.

The Comedies were the products of SHAKESPEARE'S breathing-spell between the Histories and the Tragedies. "SHAKESPEARE, when he wrote this idyllic play," says Professor DOWDEN, speaking of *As You Like It*, "was himself in his Forest of Arden." He had left behind him the gloomy kings, their tyrannies, their murders, their wars, and their statecraft. His muse had ceased to brood over the dark days of England's monarchy, and had not yet begun to lead him to the contemplation of the deeper mysteries out of which gradually grew into sharp and definite outline the shapes of Hamlet, Lear, Macbeth, and Othello. He came out of the past, to dwell for a moment in the rich present, to give to the world Theseus, the dignified conservative; the gross and bibulous Saxon knight; the foolish, drivelling Sir Tobies and Sir Andrews; the clowns of rural England, out of whose blundering mouths sometimes tumbled the distorted law whose pains the poet had felt. He wrote of the life that went on about him, not only the life of his Forest of Arden, but that of the ale-house, of the farm-house, of the hut, of the church and the church-yard, of the shop and the street of the hamlet, of the home of the well-to-do, and of the manor. Sometimes his fancy took flight into the realms of air, but he peopled Athens, Verona, the forests of France, Venice, Mantua, and the other places which were the birthplaces of many of the tales with which he wrought, and the abiding-places of their offspring, with dull or witty, feeble or hearty, mean or noble, English men and women. Especially was it the wont of this poet, who has been called a Tory squire, but who seems to us the just holder of the middle way, to put the great lords of his comedies in far-off foreign places, where, perchance, he felt himself free to take more liberties with them than he might have liked to take at home, where the originals sometimes suspected the likenesses.

But of all the human beings whose portraits he drew for all time, the women of these comedies are our nearest friends. We pity Ophelia for her weak-hearted love and her sad ending. We are sorry that Desdemona's rebellion against the paternal authority and the traditions of her race and her people resulted so disastrously. We admire the commanding femineity of Lady Macbeth. We have the deepest respect for Lear's faithful daughter. We love to breathe the air of the loftier heights on which these tragic victims range themselves. But we walk with Rosalind through the woods of Arden, and we know that the teasing princess and the jesting maidens of her train were the sprightly friends of Judith Shakespeare. Isabella, Kate the Curst, Beatrice, the Merry Wives, sweet Anne Page, Helena, the determined and persistent seeker of her end, and contemner of the obstacles that the laws of prudery put in her way—all these are women of flesh and blood, women of beauty, wit, character, nobility, softness, temper, gentleness. They are the women whom SHAKESPEARE knew, and the like of whom we now know. The naming of them brings to the mind of the person of ordinary reading clearer and more definite images than may be conjured with the names of any other characters of English fiction.

And these are the women whom Mr. ABBEY has pictured for us in the book of which we write. To say that the portraits seem like the originals, and that it is a delight to look at them merely as works of art, is not to say enough. There comes a feeling to one dwelling on these pictures that is akin to the feeling one has on getting into the company of old friends—the desire to live over again, in memory, at least, the years and occasions out of which the friendships grew. And so one turns instinctively to the accompanying text, printed as it was first given to the reading public of England, and spends some time again with the pictured people, with the talk and in the circumstances of the first meeting. And as we know that the men and women of these comedies were the very men and women of SHAKESPEARE'S England, so we know that the illustrations made by Mr. ABBEY are pictures of those men and women.

As these pictures are what they are, true and beautiful, it was proper that they should be most faithfully reproduced. The printed plates are not only etchings, but every line and mark of the artist is produced at its full value. The lines are photographic, transferred from the negative to the copper plate, and bitten into the metal by the acid. No one stands between the artist and the reader. Mr. ABBEY has had no interpreter. His illustrations are before one as if every line one looked at had been produced by his own hand. No finer tribute can be paid to Mr. ABBEY than to say that his pictures impel one to reread the comedies, and no higher praise can be bestowed upon the printed plates than to say that the reproductions are absolutely faithful to the originals.

THE "TEXAS."

THE building of our new navy has been carried on so successfully in many respects that it is not an agreeable duty to criticise any of the products of those who have been charged with the task of construction. It is true that the WEEKLY has had occasion to call attention to the inadequacy of the best performance of one of the best of our so-called "commerce-destroyers." Nevertheless, these fast cruisers are really swift, although they have not sufficient coal capacity to make them formidable enemies of the "ocean grayhound." Moreover, they were built for an unworthy purpose, and it is well that they are failures.

Our first-class battle-ships, of which the *Indiana* is the only one in commission, are not only admirable examples of modern naval architecture, but there is hardly any doubt that up to this time nothing equal to them for fighting efficiency has been constructed in the world. It would be gratifying if as much might be said of the battle-ship which the government has constructed at Norfolk, at an enormous expense of money and time.

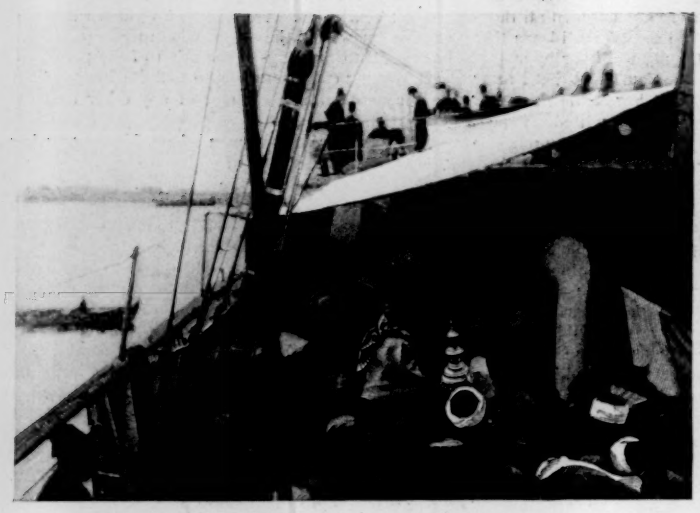
Something is said to be wrong with the *Texas*. Not only is it said that something is wrong with her, but many grave doubts are felt as to whether the government ought to trust the lives of its officers and men in her in trying circumstances.

There has been a mysterious unwillingness at the Department to consider seriously the complaints and criticisms of the ship that are on file there. Much dissatisfaction was felt when her plans were first made public. Boards have sat upon her, and experts have wrangled over her, and it is understood at the department that now, when she has been at sea, fully equipped and armed, there is even a bitterer hostile feeling against her than was expressed when she was in process of construction.

It may be that the people who make the serious charges against the ship are wrong; that she is stanch and seaworthy; and that she will give a good account of herself if she shall come in contact with an enemy. This we know, however, that the accusations of unseaworthiness against her have a measure of support in the partial collapse that occurred when she was recently docked at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard.

As matters stand, a goodly number of persons in and out of the navy know just enough about this ship to feel uncomfortable about her. She has proved that she can float, and doubtless she can ride out a storm, but would she stand the strain of grounding? She is very heavy at the top; is she strong enough at the keel for the burden that she must carry? And what is there in the stories concerning her main battery? These charges are not secrets. The assertion that the main battery cannot be worked effectively has been made in writing, if we are informed correctly, and is on file in the department at Washington. In fact, if the stories about the *Texas* are correct, we may expect her captains to avoid stormy and unpleasant waters, while, if any one is at any time foolish enough to order her into action, we may expect her to be whipped by some ordinary cruiser.

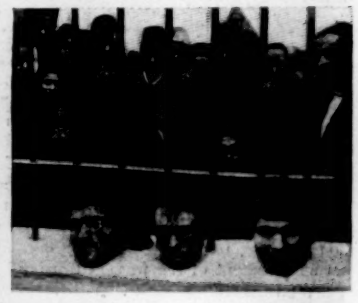
The fear that all this is so has become so common in the navy that, unless it is dispelled, the *Texas* will be distrusted by officers and men, with the result that she will be shunned and never properly handled; for sailors, both those in the cabin and those in the forecastle, are never at their best when they are shipped on a craft for which they have no liking. Since the Navy Department can set all the doubts at rest by ordering an inspection by some one else than her constructor, it is strange that the easy way out of the trouble is not tried.



EMBARKING FOR CONSTANTINOPLE—FORWARD DECKS OF STEAMER "PRINCE ABBAS" IN SMYRNA HARBOR.

CAVE OF THE SEVEN SLEEPERS.

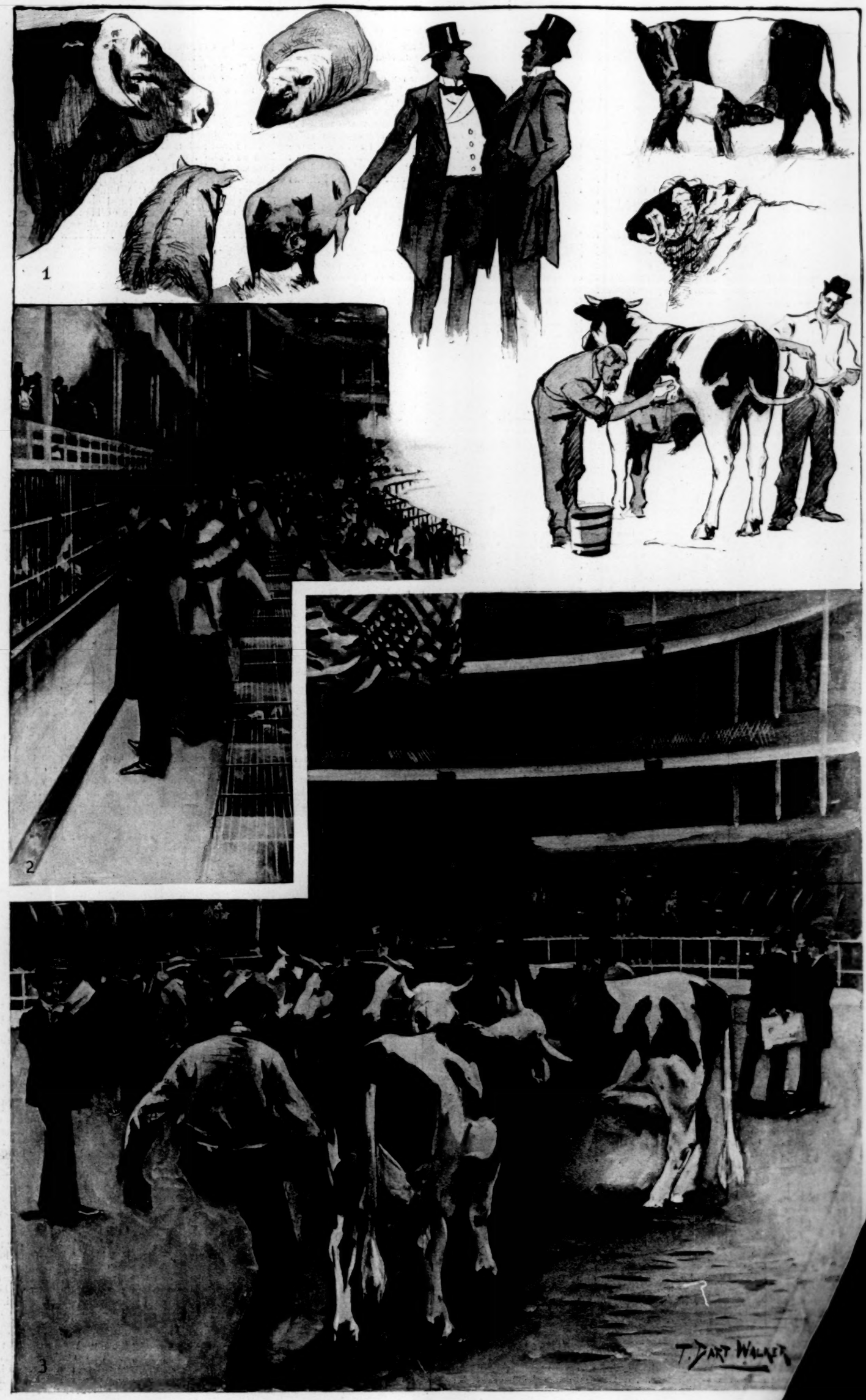
RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF DIANA AT EPHESUS.



HOW BRIGANDS ARE TREATED.

VIEW OF SMYRNA AND THE HARBOR FROM MOUNT PAGUS.

THE TROUBLES IN THE EAST—SMYRNA, RENDEZVOUS OF THE UNITED STATES WAR-SHIPS.—[See Page 1156.]



AT THE FIRST ANNUAL LIVE-STOCK SHOW, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK.—[See Page 1156.]
1. Some Random Sketches. 2. The Poultry Exhibit. 3. Judging Cattle.

LIFE AND LETTERS

IT has never been quite decided yet, I believe, just what is the kind and what is the quality of pleasure we get from tragedy. A great many people have said what it is, but they seem not to have said this even to their own satisfaction. It is certain that we do get pleasure from tragedy, and it is commonly allowed that the pleasure we get from tragedy is nobler than the pleasure we get from comedy. An alloy of any such pleasure as we get from comedy is held to debase this finer emotion, but this seems true only as to the whole effect of tragedy. The Greek tragedy kept itself purely tragic; the English tragedy assimilated all elements of comedy and made them tragic; so that in the end Hamlet and Macbeth are as high sorrowful as Orestes and Œdipus.

I.

I should be rather ashamed of lugging the classic and the romantic in here, if it were not for the sense I have of the return of an English writer to the Greek motive of tragedy in a book which seems to me one of the most tragical I have read. I have always felt in Mr. Thomas Hardy a charm which I have supposed to be that of the elder pagan world, but this I have found in his lighter moods, for the most part, and chiefly in his study of the eternal-womanly, surviving in certain unconscienced types and characters from a time before Christianity was, and more distinctly before Puritanism was. Now, however, in his latest work he has made me feel our unity with that world in the very essence of his art. He has given me the same pity and despair in view of the blind struggles of his modern English lower-middle-class people that I experience from the destinies of the august figures of Greek fable. I do not know how instinctively or how voluntarily he has appealed to our inherent superstition of Fate, which used to be a religion; but I am sure that in the world where his hapless people have their being, there is not only no Providence, but there is Fate alone; and the environment is such that character itself cannot avail against it. We have back the old conception of an absolutely subject humanity, unguided and unfriended. The gods, careless of mankind, are again over all; only, now, they call themselves conditions.

Jude the Obscure. By Thomas Hardy. Harper & Brothers.

The story is a tragedy, and tragedy almost unrelieved by the humorous touch which the poet is master of. The grotesque is there abundantly, but not the comic; and at times this ugliness heightens the pathos to almost intolerable effect. But I must say that the figure of Jude himself is, in spite of all his weakness and debasement, one of inviolable dignity. He is the sport of fate, but he is never otherwise than sublime; he suffers more for others than for himself. The wretched Sue who spoils his life and her own, helplessly, inevitably, is the kind of fool who finds the fool in the poet and prophet so often, and brings him to naught. She is not less a fool than Arabella herself; though of such exaltation in her folly that we cannot refuse her a throe of compassion, even when she is most perverse. All the characters, indeed, have the appealing quality of human creatures really doing what they must while seeming to do what they will. It is not a question of blaming them or praising them; they are in the necessity of what they do and what they suffer. One may indeed blame the author for presenting such a conception of life; one may say that it is demoralizing if not immoral; but as to his dealing with his creations in the circumstance which he has imagined, one can only praise him for his truth.

The story has to do with some things not hitherto touched in fiction, or Anglo-Saxon fiction at least; and there cannot be any doubt of the duty of criticism to warn the reader that it is not for all readers. But not to affirm the entire purity of the book in these matters would be to fail of another duty of which there can be as little doubt. I do not believe any one can get the slightest harm from any passage of it; only one would rather that innocence were not acquainted with all that virtue may know. Vice can feel nothing but self-abhorrence in the presence of its facts.

II.

The old conventional personifications seem drolly factitious in their reference to the vital reality of this strange book. I suppose it can be called morbid, and I do not deny that it is. But I have not been able to find it untrue, while I know that the world is full of truth that contradicts it. The common experience, or perhaps I had better say the common knowledge of life contradicts it. Commonly, the boy of Jude's strong aspiration and steadfast ambition succeeds and becomes in some measure the sort of man he dreamed of being. Commonly, a girl like Sue flutters through the anguish of her harassed and doubting youth and settles into acquiescence with the ordinary life of women, if not acceptance of it. Commonly, a boy like the son of Jude, oppressed from birth with the sense of being neither loved nor wanted, hardens himself against his misery, fights for the standing denied him, and achieves it. The average Arabella has no reversion to her first love when she has freed herself from it. The average Phillotson does not give up his wife to the man she says she loves, and he does not take her back knowing her loathing for himself. I grant all these things; and yet the author makes me believe that all he says to the contrary inevitably happened.

I allow that there are many displeasing things in the book, and few pleasing. Arabella's dimple-making, the pig-killing, the boy suicide and homicide; Jude's drunken second marriage; Sue's wilful self-surrender to Phillotson: these and other incidents are revolting. They make us shiver with horror and grovel with shame, but we know that they are deeply founded in the condition, if not in the nature of humanity. There are besides these abhorrent facts certain accusations against some accepted formalities of civilization, which I suppose most readers will find hardly less shocking. But I think it is very well for us to ask from time to time the reasons of things, and to satisfy ourselves, if we can, what the reasons are. If the experience of Jude with Arabella seems to arraign marriage, and it is made to appear not only ridiculous but impious that two young, ignorant, impassioned creatures should promise lifelong fealty and constancy when they can have no real sense of what they are doing, and that then they should be held to their rash vow by all the forces of society, it is surely not the lesson of the story that any other relation than marriage is tolerable for the man and woman who live together. Rather it enforces the conviction that marriage is the sole solution of the question of sex, while it shows how atrocious and heinous marriage may sometimes be.

III.

I find myself defending the book on the ethical side when I meant chiefly to praise it for what seems to me its artistic excellence. It has not only the solemn and lofty effect of a great tragedy; a work far faultier might impart this; but it has unity very uncommon in the novel, and especially the English novel. So far as I can recall its incidents there are none but such as seem necessary from the circumstances and the characters. Certain little tricks which the author sometimes uses to help himself out, and which give the sense of insincerity or debility, are absent here. He does not invoke the playful humor which he employs elsewhere. Such humor as there is tastes bitter, and is grim if not sardonic. This tragedy of fate suggests the classic singleness of means as well as the classic singleness of motive.

W. D. HOWELLS.

THE LIVE-STOCK SHOW.

NEW YORK has added another show to its list of spectacular entertainments. During Thanksgiving week the first annual show of the newly formed Live-Stock Society of America was given in the Madison Square Garden. Those who attended it were surprised at its magnitude and at its excellence. The chief exhibits were cattle, sheep, and swine.

One need not know much about horses to enjoy the Horse Show, even if he goes there to see the horses; likewise one could attend the Live-Stock Show with satisfaction and know practically nothing about live-stock. A simple question of an attendant revealed the fact that the cattle, sheep, and swine exhibited were each of two general classes. The cattle for meat were broad and rectangular in frame, and those for dairy purposes were wedge-shaped, angular in front and broad at the flanks; sheep of the Merino, Cotswold, Shropshire grades were for wool, and those of the "down" breeds, like the famous Southdowns, were for mutton; swine like the Poland-China and Chester whites were for lard, and those of the Berkshire, Essex, small Yorkshire, Duroc-Jersey, and similar classes were for pork. With information even of this vague character one could see the show intelligently.

Any one must admire Governor Morton's champion Guernsey cow Bretonne, the champion of that breed. A modest placard told the spectator that in one year she gave 11,219 pounds of milk and produced 763 pounds of butter. The magnificent herd of Norman cattle on exhibition is, with one exception, the only herd of the kind in this country; and there are fine herds of Herefords, Jerseys, Holsteins, Aberdeen-Angus, and other breeds.

The wool on some of the sheep is of so fine grade, and the necessity of keeping it in excellent condition that many of those on exhibition were kept blanketed simply to preserve the fine appearance of their coats when they appear in the ring. It requires no education in live-stock affairs to enjoy the spectacle of a sheep-dog driving sheep he has never seen before to this or that pen as indicated by mere wave of his master's hand. An exhibition of strength by an ill-tempered bull, or an attack of an angry boar upon one suddenly called on to defend himself, while attendants raced up and plied thin stout whips to separate them, was sufficient to arrest the attention of the most urban visitor. A herd of Shetland ponies intended for breeding purposes; a fair exhibit of fowls, in which could be seen a flock of wild geese, some stalwart and proud specimens of turkeys, many brilliantly colored pheasants, various kinds of chickens and pigeons; a flower show in another part of the building, and many farm implements, especially for dairy use—all these appealed to the average spectator.

The show was intended as a copy of the famous Royal Cattle Show of England. One of the managers explained that the plan was to have a competition between the prize-winners at all of the State and large county fairs in the United States and Canada. In the Royal Cattle Show in London prize-winners at all the county fairs compete, and the show is one of the great attractions of the year. Experts said that there never was such a collection of live-stock seen in this country as that in the Madison Square Garden in Thanksgiving week. The live-stock exhibition at the Chicago Fair surpassed it in size, but stock of all grades was exhibited there. Only the best cattle, sheep, and swine in the country were seen in New York.

The ordinary observer found the centre of the Garden covered with tan-bark, and the ring was filled with the animals brought out for the judges to pass upon. There was no dash, such as one sees in the Horse Show, but there was constant activity there. Magnificent specimens of cattle, stalwart, fat, easy in action, came and went constantly. They were splendid creatures, many of them spirited, and all well groomed. All around the ring and between the promenade and the boxes were pens filled with sheep. The yellow Shropshires caught the eye at once. One man would tell you that yellow ochre is rubbed through the closely packed wool, because the fleece is yellow near the skin, and the fiction is permitted of making believe that the wool is yellow to the outer edge. Another man would tell you that the clay in Shropshire is yellow, and that in the English shows decades ago the sheep rolled in the dirt and became yellow, and this set the fashion of staining the sheep with paint so as to assure spectators that they were seeing the genuine breed. At the eastern end of the Garden were the pens for the swine. This exhibit was a surprise. The swine were fat and—the greatest surprise of all to the spectators—absolutely clean. They were actually a delight to the eye. They lay in piles of fresh straw, and grunted a welcome to all who came near them.

Extremely interesting also was the grooming given to the exhibits before they were taken into the ring. No horse was ever rubbed and polished more than these cattle. No high-priced barber ever used more skill in trimming or smoothing the hair of his best customer than the men used who rounded off the fleece of the sheep in competition. No housewife ever scrubbed her tins more thoroughly than the men who washed the swine on show every day. As a result the Garden was an exceedingly attractive place in every part.

The Live-Stock Society has such men among its members as John Jacob Astor, August Belmont, Frederic Bronson, W. Bayard Cutting, George Gould, T. A. Havemeyer, Prescott Lawrence, J. Pierpont Morgan, Cornelius Vanderbilt, and William C. Whitney. G. Howard Davison is president. It was formed about six months ago, largely through the influence of Thomas H. Terry. Its first show had this especial merit: those who went to see it went for the show itself.

FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

SMYRNA.

BY ROBERT HOWARD RUSSELL.

THE cruiser *Minneapolis*, the fastest vessel in the United States navy, has started on her long journey of more than five thousand miles to Smyrna, where she has been ordered to join the flag-ship *San Francisco* and the *Marblehead*, to protect the interests of American citizens whose lives and property may be in jeopardy in Asia Minor. The Sultan has refused to grant Minister Terrell a firman or permit to allow the *Marblehead* to come to Constantinople, on the ground that only powers signatory to the Treaty of Paris could expect such permits, and so Smyrna has been selected as the best gathering-place for the missionaries in case of further danger.

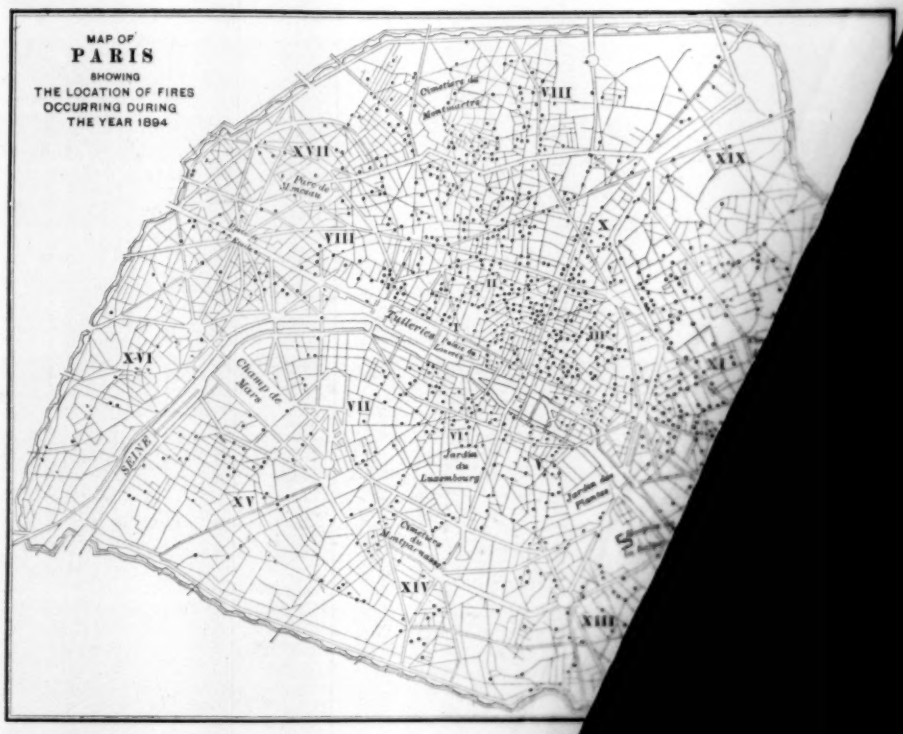
Notwithstanding the Sultan's anxiety to keep the warships of the great powers at a respectful distance and out of sight of his subjects, they have nevertheless been constantly gathering in ports within easy steaming-distance of the Dardanelles, and for the last two or three weeks there have been as many as seventeen formidable vessels, flying the flags of the different powers, lying at anchor in the Gulf of Salonica, with steam up, ready to sail at a moment's notice and force an entrance, if need be, through the narrow passage of the Dardanelles to the Sea of Marmora and the Bosporus, where they can train their guns on Yildiz Kiosk, the Sultan's palace, and enforce the demands of their governments.

In addition to the fleet at Salonica there is a formidable array of battle-ships at Smyrna. The Italian squadron, the French division under Admiral Maigret, and four of Austria's strong vessels have arrived there, and in addition to these armored cruisers of the different powers are patrolling the coast of Syria. To oppose this great naval force the Turks could make but a pitiable showing, with only three sea-going armor-clads of fighting value, the rest of their boats being either incapable of moving from their anchorages in the Golden Horn or of such small displacement and antique construction as to be utterly ineffective. It is true that several torpedo-boats of doubtful value are and have been for some time in course of construction; but as an evidence of the demoralization of the Turkish navy, it may be cited that even on their three best boats many of the guns are not mounted, and the flag-ship *Assar-i-Tewfik* has been without boilers for the last three years. Smyrna, where our cruisers will rendezvous, is one of the oldest ports of the world. The steamers that call there turn from the Ægean Sea into the broad Gulf of Smyrna, and churn slowly along towards the south until they reach an old red light-ship which marks a turn where the gulf narrows, then, passing between some indifferent fortifications on either side, you see before you, circling the end of the gulf, the white domes and slender minarets of one of the most ancient cities in existence. Rising behind the city is a semicircle of dark cypress-covered hills, throwing the white houses and rounded domes into sharp relief, while along the shore stretches a great stone quay curving gracefully along the entire water-front, and reminding one somewhat of Naples.

Smyrna shows surprisingly few traces of antiquity. On the hills high above the town tower the ruins of an old Roman citadel and the remains of a great wall, but in the city itself there is little or nothing in the way of architecture or fragments which would suggest that the city was not entirely modern and commonplace. Of the two hundred thousand inhabitants there are more Greeks than Turks, and about fifteen thousand are Levantines—a mixture of European, Greek, and Jewish blood, which produces the most beautiful women in the East. There are European hotels along the quays, where every one speaks English, and Turkish bazars in the narrow streets back from the water where every one speaks Turkish. The bazars are not as interesting as in most Oriental cities, as Smyrna does not produce or manufacture anything, but is simply a port of outlet for the produce and merchandise of other places, and most of the things that are shown in the dingy little shops on the dirty narrow streets are seen in greater variety and to better advantage elsewhere.

Modern European carriages are to be had for hire, and for a stipulated number of piastres they will drive you about the town in a rickety vehicle over the worst-paved streets in the world, with the windows rattling and the whole equipage plunging about like a boat in a heavy sea, as the wheels slip down into great ravines or jump over the small bowlders with which the streets are paved. The street scenes are the most interesting features of the city. Venders of figs, raisins, and Turkish paste cry their wares in the narrow alleys, and butchers go from house to house, where the handsome dark-eyed Levantine women loiter in the doorways, and halt their peripatetic meat shops, which consist of small donkeys whose heads and tails barely show at either end of great boards in the shape of an inverted V which are strapped upon their backs, and upon either side of which is hung the dealer's entire stock in trade of spring lamb, shoulders of mutton, and roasts of beef, enabling the housekeeper to select any cut she may wish at her door. Turbaned Mohammedans from the country lead grave, patient, and dignified looking Asiatic camels, laden with figs and spices, through the streets to the warehouses; and wherever the eye turns it meets some bit of barbaric color or unfamiliar spectacle to remind you that you are in the Orient.

Probably every one who went to the Chicago Fair re-



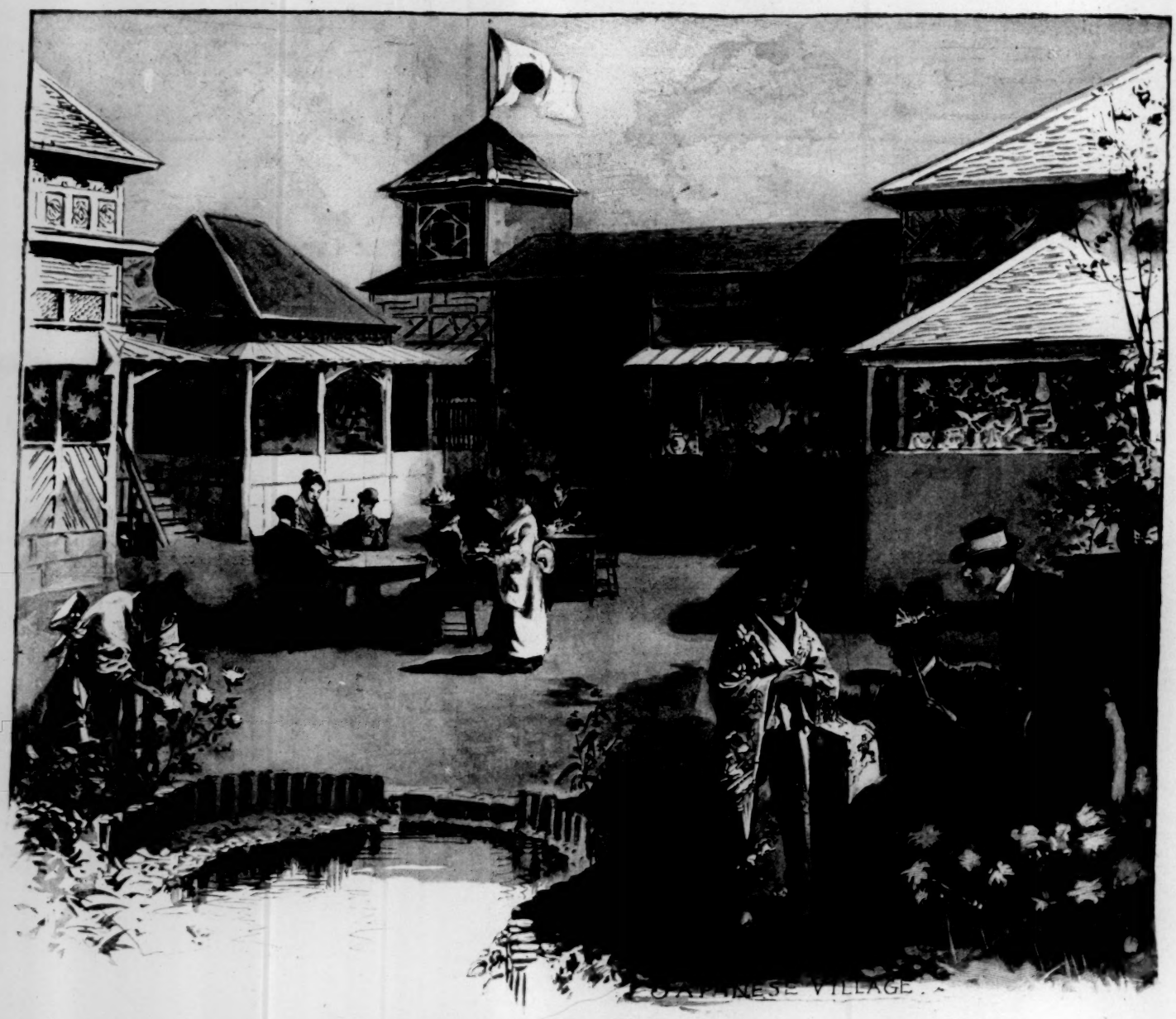
members Alfred Melloni, The Great Zeibeck, who strutted about the Turkish village in a wonderful costume, consisting principally of a remarkable collection of yataghans and silver-handled pistols and curved scimitars, which covered his entire front and gave him the appearance of a walking arsenal, which effect was somewhat softened, however, by the display of his pudgy bare knees below. Alfred has given up this martial raiment with which he dazzled the unsophisticated inhabitants of the Western hemisphere, and arrayed in a frock-coat and a square-topped brown Derby, with his nether limbs encased in the less spectacular trousers of civilization, he boards each incoming steamer and offers his services as a guide to Smyrna and Ephesus.

The best view of Smyrna is to be had from the old Ro man citadel at the crest of Mount Pagus, a steep hill hind the town. Driving out past the great Mohamme cemetery, where turbaned head-stones lean in all direc or lie prostrate under the cypress-trees, you pass litt fee-shops and cafés, where drowsy Turks sit p drawing on their narghilehs, until you come to the a hill so steep that the carriage can go no further you mount sure-footed little donkeys, which toil up the sharp ascent until you stand upon the ru which overlook the whole city and harbor, a view well worth the trouble of the climb, alth enjoyment of the trip may be somewhat a return trip, when your donkey constitutes hi animate toboggan and slides most of the mountain in an alarmingly reckless fashion.

An hour and a quarter from Smyrna b on the Aidin railway is the little villag the station for Ephesus, a pleasant ride in able modern railway carriage over a rout fertile fields and pastures, where many herds of goats are tended by picturesq the station passes the line of a gre which carried water from the mount to Ephesus. Many of the arches are line of columns remains, upon wh storks have built their nests, and wh upon one leg in silent contempl great city, as though the souls of losophers had entered their bodie silent meditation on the desola greatness, where once the grea the seven wonders of the wo Here in this valley were the fa chds; here Hercules wrough were born Apollo and Dia day the cave of the Seven S is little more than a hole i and columns of discolore fragment of a beautiful testify to its former ma

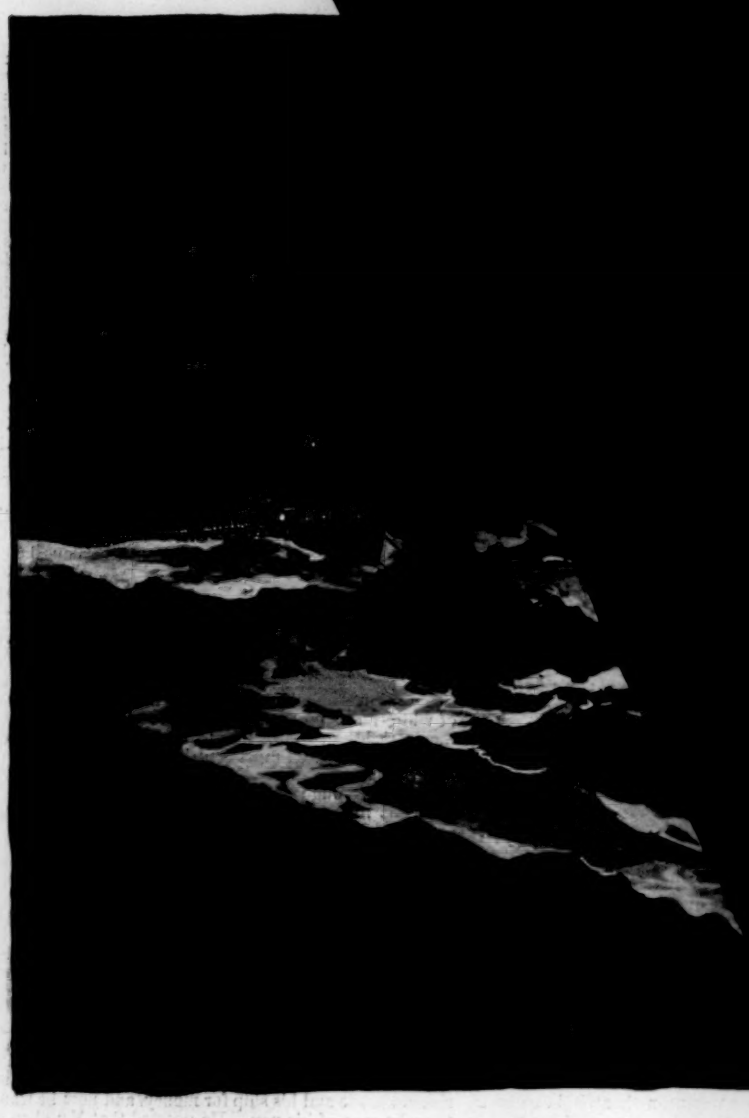
In the mountains ab ands, whose depredati in late years, owing them by the Turks them for their offe it them to the pu warning to all h high up on the their fellows in might discern

The steame passengers o embarkation Minor. Here merchants green and soldiers silk with strap waiste curious men in jackets o bundles o ed tin trun wonderful c stantinople.



TWO CHARACTERISTIC VILLAGES AT THE COTTON STATES AND INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 1168.]



THE TOW.

BY C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

THE night was very hot and very still, with a steep swell running up from the northeast after days of windless calm. The sea burnt in flames like summer lightning, and the hot black sky blinked and blazed like the phosphorescence. When the steamer slid her nose down into a valley, the screw raced noisily, and the poop-deck showed bright against a Catherine-wheel of fire.

In the chart-house the Captain lay on the outside of his bed in shirt and cap and cotton trousers. His rubber thigh-boots and a leather-bound oil-skin lay handy in a heap on the floor. He was sleeping most industriously, anticipating what was to follow.

On the upper bridge the second mate and a Norwegian quartermaster pinned the *Paraguay* steadily to her course. They were briskly alert, both of them, and every half-bell the officer stamped down the leaded steps of the ladder and glowered at the aneroid in the head of the companion-way. Each time, as he came back, the second mate swore to himself softly and pungently.

On the forecastle head the remaining member of the steamer's visible complement glided silently to and fro, swinging his eyes mechanically through one unvarying quadrant of the night, and lifting up his voice each half-hour for the melancholy minor chant of "All's well" after the bell had clanged out its notion of the time. There were noises like the squeaking of new shoes which might have made one think that other people were about on the prowl. But these came from the *Paraguay* herself. She was old, and the scend of the seas ran high, and the wrenching made her rivets ache and cry out querulously.

Seven bells had just gone—half past eleven—and the second mate was thinking that in another thirty-five minutes he would be snoring in his bunk, cyclone or no cyclone. His spell of responsibility was drawing to an end, and he was feeling a freer man. He was doing his usual pendulum walk along the bridge, an up-hill and down-dale walk as the steamer lolled over the swells, when of a sudden he brought up short opposite the binnacle, and swung smartly round on his heels. Like most sailors he had that indefinable faculty of seeing out of the back of his head, and it seemed to him then that a light had sprung up from the sea far away in the black distance. The yellow glow from the binnacle dazzled him. He walked to the bridge end and thrust his chin over the canvas dodger, and peered into the night from there. The lightning wickered above, the little flames of the phosphorescence burnt beneath, but there was nothing else.

Presently he turned and hailed: "Fo'c's'le there! Did you see anything broad abeam to loo'rd about a minute since?"

The reply came in a sleepy monotone: "No; seen nothing, sir."

"H'm," grumbled the second mate to himself; "must have been a star shooting." But still he kept on staring over the top of the dodger, and presently he whistled aloud, and said, "By God! what's that, now?"

The lightning was out for the moment, and the abyss of darkness before him was being cut by a curving line of yellow flame, which slid slowly up and came to a brilliant head, and then broke into a constellation of tiny stars.

The second mate's action was prompt. He clapped a whistle between his teeth and blew till a deck-hand came tumbling up out of the corner where he had been dozing; gave his orders; and in thirty seconds saw them executed.

With a *fizz* and a *woosh* and a roar, the *Paraguay's* answering rocket spirted up into the heavens.

As though it had been expected, another rocket slid skyward in the distance, and then another, and then others. And to take away the last atom of doubt as to what was the matter, news was given to the second mate of another sort. The *Paraguay* was brigantine rigged, and giving the deck-hand a night-glass, the officer of the watch had sent him to the fore top-gallant yard to see if he could make out anything from there.

The hail came down promptly. "Three red lights, one above the other, broad on the starboard beam." And then—"Ah, the lightning's showing her now. A big fine screw boat, sir, about five miles off, rolling in the trough with no way on. She's painted black, and I'd call her 6000 tons. Seems to me like one of the Spanish Main Line boats."

The second mate had got his bearings already. "Eight points starboard," he said, and whilst the quartermaster was repeating the order and sawing over the spokes of the steam-wheel, he was running down the ladder as fast as the rails could slip through his hands.

The Captain's eyes opened with a snap as the second mate swung into the deck-house.

"Wind come away already?" he asked, sitting up and putting his arms into a jacket.

"Not yet, sir, though it may be down on us any minute. But there's a big steamer disabled and showing rockets and distress-lights about five miles off to the norrard."

"Well?"

"I headed for her, and then came down and told you. She'll be wanting to pluck in somewhere, I'm thinking."

"Oh my Lord," said the Captain, "has the chance come for me at last after twenty years of waiting? Am I going to get a good fat tow and bilk the workhouse after all? Don't tell me she's some cheap old tramp, Llewellen."

"I sent a man aloft, sir, and he said he thought she was one of the Spanish Main boats."

The Captain ran on to the upper bridge. "Spanish Main boat," he repeated. "Let's see; what's the date? Ah! Their *Tampico* would be due about here just now. She'd have specie on board, and eighty passengers, I guess, besides mails and cargo. If she's lying here disabled with this weather coming on it would mean a thousand pounds out of the salvage for me if I pulled her in safe somewhere, and a purse of at least five hundred from the passengers after the scare this gale will rub into them. Oh, Lord! To think of it. But no such slice of luck for me. I'll not believe it. I was born on a Friday."

The *Pa*
the Captain da
"Oh, Llewellen,
fat old *Tampico*
skipper now, the
me, and dirtied m
ness. I guess he'
steamboat till her
Slip down to the
take the engine-ro
how long; and wh
and tell him to ro
out of the store an
there!"

The hail came back f
steamer's bridge: "Glad
your steamer?"

"The *Paraguay*—tramping. Do yo
You seem to have a lot of passengers a

"I've broken my shaft. For how m
me a tow into Port Royal, Jamaica?"

"Is that Captain Vaughan that's spea

"Yes."

"Well, I'm Captain Owen Morgan, a
use us two haggling here. If we did
could be upset afterwards. You pass m
Captain, and we'll let the courts settle up the
us when the time comes. Better put some hust
the wind may come away any minute now."

"Very well," said the master of the *Tampico*, and gave his orders.

On the instant three port-fires blazed out, pouring molten drops on to the black water beneath, turning the faces of the men who held them and of the frightened passengers who clustered at the rail white and ghastly beyond belief. Captain Morgan looked on and chuckled. He was going to risk his life and his ship, and those passengers would pay him liberally for doing it. The worse their scare the more generous would be their offerings, and the master of the *Paraguay* prayed that the gale which was to come might be the worst they could possibly live through. He was a poor man, this Captain Owen Morgan, with debts and a family dragging on him, and such a chance had never come to him before, and might reasonably be expected never to come again. To all merchant skippers the height of fortune is a good fat tow and plenty of coal, but most of them die before it arrives. And here was £200,000 rolling helpless in the trough, and ready to yield up its lawful eighth for salvage. Captain Morgan could have hugged himself with delight.

The *Tampico's* port life-boat hung outboard in davits ready manned by a crew in uncouth cork jackets. As the blue fires blazed out the tackles screamed through the blocks. She hit the water with a great kissing splash, unhooked on the instant, and was spurned away as the steamer's black side heaved up thirty feet on the swell. The oars straddled out like the legs of some crawling in-

sect, beating the water one after the other; but by degrees they fell into time, and the boat wormed its way over the rolling seas. She carried a two-inch rope made fast to the ring-bolt in her stern, and on the *Tampico's* fore-deck a couple of seamen paid out the rope from a coil as the boat dragged it towards the other steamer.

The rope was passed on board the *Paraguay* and brought to the after-winch, and the life-boat hurried back as fast as a frightened crew could scurry her. A ridge of fire had grown across the distant sea, and it was driving down on the steamers with the pace of a bullet. The *Paraguay's* winch bucked till the deck swung beneath it, and the great wire hawser which snaked off the *Tampico's* fore-deck bit a string of sparks from the fair-leads.

The cyclone was upon them before the winch had heaved the wire rope through the taffrail, and it opened with a squall of hail, which beat on the working men like musketry. The winch ran on, but the hauling-rope slipped over the drum, because the men who were hauling in the slack were driven from their work by missiles large as pigeons' eggs. The hail, however, lasted less than thirty seconds. A blast of wind followed, solid as the end of a house, and the two steamers were driven before it, lifting like empty bladders. The *Tampico's* life-boat went as an *avant-coureur*. A lightning splash showed her with oars blown away and crew looking dazed and helpless. She was scudding from crest to crest like a handful of gray spin-drift. And in what corner of the Caribbean Sea she buried her men they alone can tell. The *Paraguay's* winch rattled irreverently on, and brought the wire hawser up to the bollards. There it was made fast to well-backed spans of ten-inch coir, and word was passed to the bridge.

"Time enough too," said Morgan. "We've run it close," and rang on his engines, first to "half," and then, after a minute, to "full ahead."

He emphasized this last order by ringing them twice more, and then took over the steam steering-wheel from the quartermaster. That was the place where nerve was required. If the steamer deviated one hand's-breadth from the right course and got stopped by a sea which did not equally impede her tow, it would be entirely useless to scuffle about other details. The *Tampico* would swoop down on the top of her, and the pair of them would grind each other into their primitive plates in two handfuls of seconds.

The oily swell existed no longer now. The wind plucked the tops of the waves bodily away and churned them into foaming yeast. Even this could not well be seen. The air was full of scurrying spin-drift, which stung the face like nettles. To run before the cyclone was another name for *hari-kari*. So Captain Morgan took his steamer in a large and wallowing circle till the wind hit her squarely on the bows, and the *Tampico*, like a wet black bottle, followed after, tugging viciously at her tail. In the process she tried very hard to turn keel uppermost several times, and rarely showed more of herself than a couple of masts and a funnel and the weather-dodger of the bridge bristling through the spray. And when at last she flung herself clear with a four-foot list to starboard, the foretopmast was gone with all the yards, and the starboard bulwark of the lower fore-deck had ceased to exist. Captain Morgan spat the water out of his mouth and thought complacently of what the *Tampico's* passengers would subscribe on the strength of it.

The second mate came up and bawled in his ear: "It's playing old boots with the rotten beast. The bollards are drawing as if they were stepped in putty, and the after-winch is clean adrift. That hawser is having it all its own way. There's no give in wire."

"Then back it with more hemp," the Captain shouted. "Rouse out that new coil of five-inch, pass it double slap over the bridge-deck, and make fast to the foremast foot. Then bend that on. That 'll relieve her."

Llewellen went about his work, and the Captain steered the steamer against the charging seas. With the engines grinding at full speed he calculated she was making about five knots of sternway. Down the line of the cyclone was a string of keys some twenty miles off which she could not by any possibility avoid if the wind took her there with the *Tampico* in her train. Alone she could keep clear; could remain about stationary; but Morgan had no intention of casting off his tow. Only he would have liked amazingly that the passengers behind him should know about those keys, though he was sure that Captain Vaughan would make no remarks on the subject. When he thought of this he felt that he was being defrauded of many sovereigns sterling.

The *Paraguay* took it into her head to fall off to port, and even with the helm hard a-starboard could scarcely be persuaded to look up to it again. In this position she picked up another sea, which did its best to clean the upper bridge, and left the lower fore-deck scoured to the bare iron. The port bulwarks were gone, the cargo divides had vanished, and the tarpaulins were ripped most tidily away from the hatch. The list changed over from starboard to port, and increased by a foot.

Llewellen splashed his way up on to the bridge again and reported: "There's another of those damned bollards drawn, and the tow-rope's over the port quarter. That's what's pulling her round. It's whipped two men overboard and broke the mate's arm. The rest of us say it's time we cast the other steamer off. They'll never know—if they do get in anywhere to report. They'll think the rope parted of itself."

Said Morgan: "Now look here. This is the one chance of my life, and I shall never get another. The moment that tow-rope parts, I'll let her fall off. Look down there at that fore-hatch! The tarpaulin's gone already. If she was in the trough, and the seas got a good lick at her, she'd founder inside four minutes. Now you tumble aft, sonny, and get to work. You take it from me, we're either going to pluck that boat into Port Royal, or stay here and go to the devil with her."

Day broke, and the Captain did a sum in his head. The line of keys, he reckoned, was only seven miles off, and the hurricane was blowing hard as ever. Moreover, it showed no signs of easing. It was to be a case of touch and go with them, and the betting was on "go." He wished vastly that the *Tampico's* passengers could know this with clearness, so that they might have the best opportunity of making pecuniary vows suitable to the danger—always supposing that the chance was to be offered them for handing the hat round during this present cycle.

It would be all settled one way or another within an hour and a half, and Morgan was glad. In actual hours the time he had been laboring on the *Paraguay's* upper bridge was short; in feel it was half a life-span. The unspeakable fury of the wind had beat the man till he was one continuous bruise from head to foot. He had not a muscle in his body that was not wrung. The licking fingers of the cyclone had stripped the light cotton clothes off him rag by rag, till he straddled there on the wheel-gratings mother-naked.

Again a mighty roller surged down from the northeast, and the sheering *Tampico* astern did her work. The *Paraguay's* bows fell off two points to port at the critical second to the pluck of the tow-rope, and the great hill of water hit her slantwise on the flank. She lay down under it sodden and sullen, and every man on board thought she was down for good. But slowly she shook herself free, though this time with both port boats gone and the heavy iron davits bent up like pin-wire. Her funnel also was over the side, sheared off from the top of the fiddle as though it had been a wax candle.

The second mate swung himself up on to the bridge again with blood trickling from a great cut on his cheek. "Captain," he shouted, "it's murdering the lot of us to go on. There's another hand over the side with that last wave, and we could do nothing for him, poor wretch!"

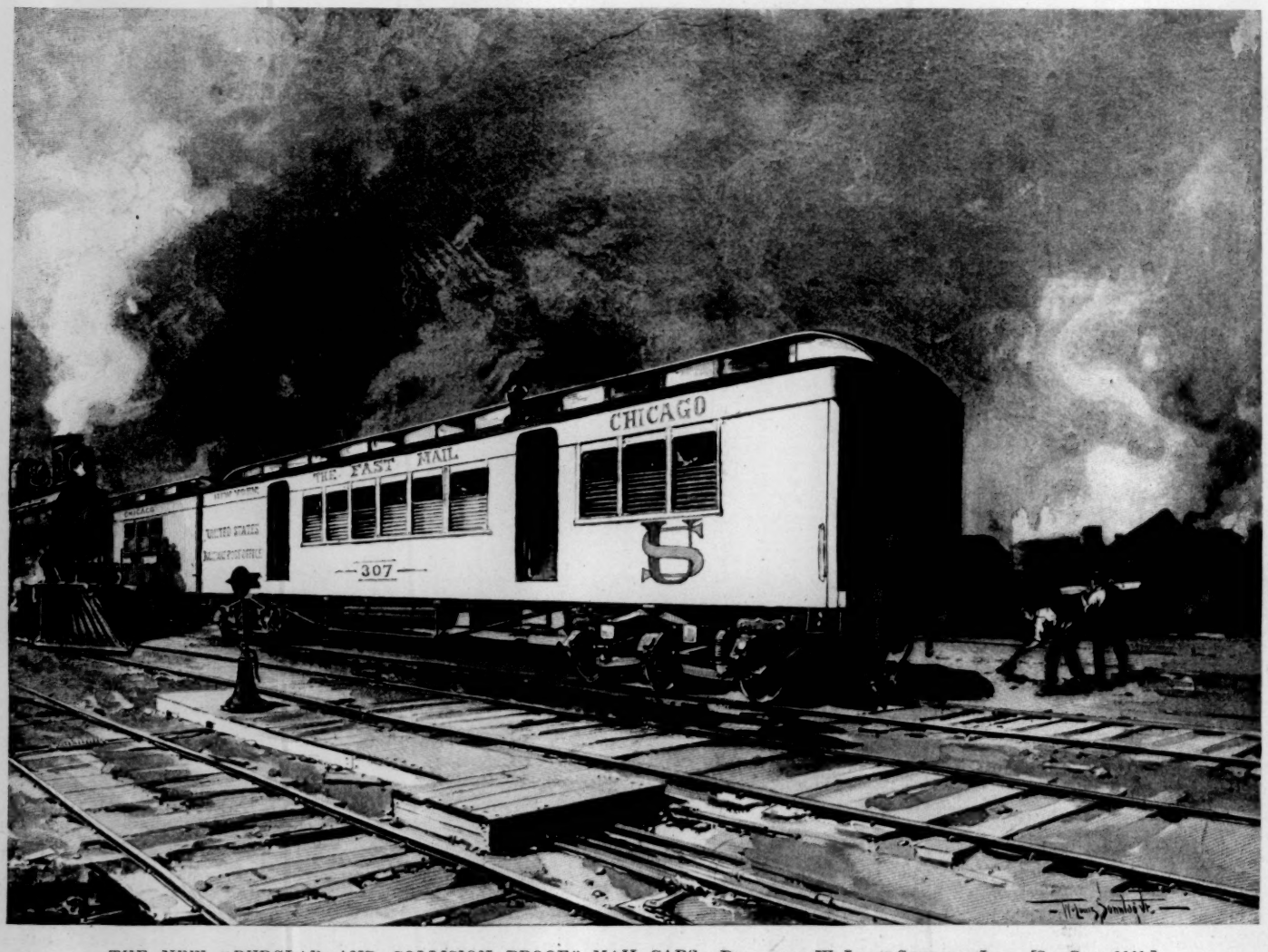
"It's hold on all yet, my son," Morgan bawled back, "and in five minutes you'll be thanking me. Old Nick's been blowing too hard to last. He'll be out of wind in a little, you'll see. Now tumble aft again and watch that tow-rope doesn't part."

One more furious squall drove down, which lifted great masses of the seas bodily into the air and almost beat the Captain from his perch; and then there was a lull. And then, before they had spit the last deluge from their lips, the wind was gone. The seas ran to a perilous height, but there was hardly a breath to freckle it. The cyclone had passed away astern to work its evil in another place. They were free of their awful danger almost as suddenly as it had swooped down upon them.

Captain Morgan surrendered the wheel and took clothes and his sextant. Fifteen minutes later he had given a course to the quartermaster, and was looking complacently, first at his own battered tramp, and then at the knots of white-faced passengers who were staring at her from the liner's bridge-deck. "But," he said to Llewellen, who was at his elbow, "I must contrive to have a talk to those beauties before we have the stink of the Kingston sewers coming in through the cabin windows."

It was probably from this motive that the *Paraguay* came to a halt next day, so that the engineer might execute some repairs to her machinery. As the stay promised to occupy some six or seven hours, Captain Morgan saw fit to occupy the time with a polite call. He was rowed over to the *Tampico* by three prodigiously unclean sailormen in his only remaining boat, and was received on board with cheers and tears and every kind of honor. The tiffin bell had just rung, and he went below and sat at Vaughan's right near the end of the middle table. Ice tinkled in the champagne-glasses, and the liner's skipper, spruce and aggressive, dryly proposed a toast. It was drunk with the wildest enthusiasm, and the bearded shabby man rose to respond.

He was no orator, but it was the supreme moment of his life, and he rose to it. He had fought for money, risked his life and his ship for money, and now he wanted to make sure of his pay. He guessed that Vaughan had tried to belittle the danger for the sake of the passengers' nerves. For these visionary fibres he cared not one jot, but he cared a deal for a slatternly wife and some un-



THE NEW "BURGLAR AND COLLISION PROOF" MAIL-CARS.—Drawn by W. Louis Sonntag, Jun.—[See Page 1161.]

kempt children in a grimy Welsh seaport town, and for them he lifted up his voice. He did not brag about himself; he spoke only of the *Tampico's* danger; and that was a theme on which a man could use up all his lurid adjectives. He was not long on his legs, but he made those passengers white with the knowledge of how bitterly Death had fought to grapple them; and the polite man in the smart gold lace next him simmered with unspoken profanity as he listened. It was all true, baldly true, but the etiquette of shipmasters demands that narrow shaves like these shall never be published. Actual disasters make ordinary people quite nervous enough.

He said his say with clumsy eloquence, and went back to his battered wreck of a steamer, and stood watch and watch with the second mate all the way across the Caribbean Sea. It took the *Paraguay* eight days before she rounded the point where ruined Port Royal stands and got amongst the odors of the harbor; and during this time the smoke from her furnaces gullied out of the fiddle-top and rolled in greasy layers upon the after-deck. But when the white streets of Kingston opened out below the tropical greenery, and the steel towing-hawser was cast off, and the two anchors sent up a bubble from Port Royal mud, then Captain Owen Morgan, in humble bravery of attire, reboarded the *Tampico* for the second time.

There was a lot of speech-making, and then a presentation. First came a long address with a wondrous tag of signatures, for which the worthy skipper cared as much as most men do. And then there was handed him "a more substantial testimonial of our esteem" in the form of £700 British currency, which was very much more to his taste.

It was two years before he fingered the £1200 which the courts awarded as his share of the *Tampico's* salvage; but he made the most of it all, and Mrs. Morgan now wears black satin and beads, with a yellow watch-chain of price festooned upon her ample bosom, and Miss Morgan is "getting a good connection in the millinery," and Master Morgan is the pride of his father's heart as a pale young Methodist minister.

Being in his confidence, I can state that Captain Morgan is quite ready to put his life in the dice-box again on the chance of such another *coup* as the *Tampico* gave him. But I am afraid he is not likely to get it. Also I fear that he will be drowned before long. They coopered up the *Paraguay* again, clapped a new funnel in her, sent up an ugly stump foretopmast nine feet long, and gave her a most gorgeous coat of paint. The British Board of Trade surveyor would not, however, pass her in spite of all this outlay. He drank the owner's excellent champagne, several bottles of it, and still he shook his head. He was a most unreasonable man. And consequently the *Paraguay* runs now under a Norwegian charter, and makes a most alarming noise of herself when she happens to be in a seaway. Captain Owen Morgan is a most efficient nurse—but—I fear he will drown one of these days. But perhaps this is only a just fate for a sour, grimy, sordid fellow who saved a liner-load of people just because he wanted to make money. Another man with higher motives would have thought more of his own crew, and have let the tow-rope carry away—by accident.

NEW SINGERS AT THE OPERA.

THE season of grand opera in French, Italian, and German, which is now fairly under way at the Metropolitan Opera-house, readily suggests a great many reflections on the state of musical art in the metropolis of the Western hemisphere. This is hardly the time or the place for a discussion of that state, yet it is not easy to avoid paying the tribute of a passing notice of certain manifestations of public taste which are conspicuous just now. The writer of this article has already called the attention of the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY to the potency of the personal element with the public, and has endeavored to show that while at the first glance the reign of singer-worship might seem to be wholly ruinous to true taste in art, it has, as at present displayed, certain elements that are really encouraging. In the long-run adulation of the singer is an obstacle in the path of art, yet in the long-run, too, it is always conceded that Wagner is of more vital importance than Alvary or Jean de Reszké, and that Verdi is more significant than Maurel. If, therefore, we yield occasionally to the insidious temptation to treat the singers as the gods of opera, we may allay our consciences with the promise that the march of progress will continue, and that while *La Traviata* may occasionally delight a Saturday-night audience, contemporaneous composers will never make it their model.

The first of Messrs. Abbey & Grau's new singers to face the public was Madame Frances Saville, who came forward on the opening night of the season as the heroine of M. Charles Gounod's euphonious adaptation of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*. This soprano comes to us from the Opéra Comique of Paris, an institution which has sent to America many light voices and circumscribed methods of prettiness in lyric art. Most of the singers who have come thence have failed here, partly because of a public appetite for musical execution of a grandiose kind, and partly because of undue preliminary advertisement. Madame Saville was fortunate in being heralded by no announcements of greatness, and as the public expected little or nothing of her, she had the advantage of surprising her hearers by the revelation of some merits.

Her voice is not a large one, but it has more body and better carrying powers than those that usually come from the Opéra Comique. In quality it is clear and round, and it has an attractive color of its own, which in the upper middle register reminds the hearer of Madame Eames's voice reduced to a lower power. The voice is well equalized throughout, but is not of uncommon compass. It possesses liquidity, and in cantabile passages flows freely. The lady's vocal method, however, is not without blemishes, and her delivery is often marred by an unsteadiness that sometimes widens into a bad vibrato. Her phrasing is more ambitious than wise, for it frequently leads her to expend too much breath in one phrase, so that the next is taken without due adjustment of the air column, and consequently slips from the pitch. Facility in the execution of ornamental passages is not a distinguishing characteristic of Madame Saville's singing. On the other hand, she has the skill to color her song with emotion, and she infuses into all her work a dramatic influence which makes her performances interesting, and at times even magnetic. In *La Traviata* she showed that she could put vitality into such a time-scarred battle-horse of the concert stage as "Sempre libre," and in Juliet she excellently seconded the ardent work of Jean de Reszké in the chamber scene. In fine, she is a light soprano who will certainly not become one of the creators of public enthusiasm, but who will give much agreeable entertainment within well-marked limits.

Miss Clara Hunt, a young American singer, made her début on the opening night as Stephano, the page. Her nervousness was so great that final judgment as to her powers cannot now be pronounced. Her voice, which was not under command, appeared to be of pretty, though not striking, quality. Miss Hunt will probably prove to be serviceable in small parts. Almost the same comments may be applied to Miss Marie Engle, who sang Micaela in *Carmen* at the first matinée. Her voice is small and pretty, and her style may be described by the same adjectives.

M. Albert Lubert is one of the new tenors of the company. He made his first appearance on Wednesday evening, November 20th, singing Don José to the Carmen of Madame Calvé. M. Lubert is a typical Opéra Comique tenor, and his range of usefulness will be limited. He has a characteristic French voice, nasal in the upper register, and reedy in the lower tones. His method of production calls for no serious censure, and he phrases with skill and taste. He does not possess a strong feeling for musical climax, if one may judge by the hasty way in which he sang the rose romance in the second act. On the other hand, he is a good actor—a fact which was partly disguised at his first appearance by his physical smallness and his wretchedly made costumes—and he has dramatic temperament. His declamation in the finale of the third act and in the fourth was full of fire, but it was marred by an impetuosity which prevented his designs from fully achieving their purpose.

M. Maurice de Vries, who was Mercutio on the first night and Zuniga on the second, is a barytone of good appearance and bearing. His voice is of light material, and his singing, without having any charm or distinction, shows the experience of a trained operatic performer.

W. J. HENDERSON.

MINNESOTA'S NEW STATE CAPITOL, TO BE ERECTED AT ST. PAUL.

THE IMPROVED POSTAL CARS.

THE postal authorities have put in operation recently half a dozen improved postal cars, which have become known as "burglar and collision proof." The construction of these cars is such that robbers would find it difficult to break into them in transit, as frequently happens with express cars, but they are not intended primarily to be "burglar-proof." Extensive use of steel plates in the framing at the ends and between the sills of the heavy timbers that run the length of the cars has made them much stronger than the cars in use heretofore, and they are practically collision-proof in ordinary smash-ups. They are not collision-proof in the sense that they will withstand any shock that comes when the accident usually results in loss of life.

The place of postal clerk is extremely hazardous. Several of these clerks were killed in an accident recently on the Pennsylvania Railroad near Harrisburg, and others were injured in a train-wrecking accident on the New York Central Railroad near Utica shortly afterward. Whenever an accident happens to a through train almost invariably one reads that the postal clerks are killed or injured. The reason for this is that postal cars are carried next to the locomotive, as a rule, to avoid switching as much as possible. They are usually heavily loaded, and in making over the train at junctions they are placed where they will cause the least delay in getting under way again. By strengthening them with steel plates and stout angle-bars the danger in accidents will be greatly lessened in the new cars.

Six of these cars are now in operation between New York and Chicago on the Erie Railroad. In a few weeks fifteen of them will be in operation, and from time to time their numbers will be increased. They are made from the design of E. W. Grieves, superintendent of the Car Department of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. They are sixty-five feet long on the inside, and have no platforms. The absence of platforms gives the appearance of one long jointed car when three or four of them are made up together. There are no doors at the ends; and this fact, with the absence of platforms, gave rise to the "burglar-proof" idea. The platforms were taken off to get more room inside rather than to prevent robberies, which rarely occur on mail-cars.

The internal arrangement of the cars is a decided improvement on the old style. The stove is in the middle of the car. This lessens the danger from fire in time of accident, and also gives a better heat. The racks and storage part of the car are in one end. These serve as a buffer in collisions. The cars are lighted by oil and gas, and this makes careful sorting of the packages easier. Under each end is a six-wheeled truck. The wheels are thirty-three inches in diameter, and are said to be the largest ever used on cars in this country. There are two doors on each side of the car, and, as the illustration on another page shows, the sides of the car seem as thick as the sides of an armor-clad ship. When these cars come into general use it is probable that we shall hear of fewer deaths and injuries to postal clerks in railroad accidents.

THE MINNESOTA CAPITOL BUILDING.

THE State of Minnesota is about to begin the construction of a Capitol building. A commission was appointed some two years ago to select an architect and proceed with the work of construction. A competition was held, in which some forty architects competed. The award was not made, however, the commission rejecting the report of the experts called to pass upon the plans, and a new competition was ordered, the successful architect to be paid a larger commission than had at first been provided. Edmund M. Wheelright, of Boston, was called in as an advisory aid to the board of commissioners. He recommended the plans of Mr. Cass Gilbert, of St. Paul, as the best, all things considered, four others being commended for prizes: George R. Mann, St. Louis, $1,000; Traphagen & Fitzpatrick, Duluth, and E. P. Bassford, St. Paul, $800; Clarence H. Johnson, St. Paul, $700; Harry W. Jones, Minneapolis, $500.

The board has decided to accept the plans of Mr. Gilbert, and has awarded the above prizes. The building will be in the early Renaissance, to be constructed of light-colored stone, granite, or marble. In so far as possible, Minnesota material will be used in the construction. The building will be, of course, modern in all respects—fireproof throughout. It will be handsomely finished on the interior in fine marbles. The building will be 400 feet long by 200 feet in greatest width. It will cost $2,000,000, exclusive of grounds. It will be situated on Capitol Hill, St. Paul, the site being a commanding one.

Some of the best known architects in the United States were represented in the competition. Mr. Gilbert, the successful man, has been engaged in architecture for about fifteen years. He is a young man, but he represents the best type of the scholarly and progressive architecture of the day. He is a graduate of the Boston School of Technology, and spent some time after graduation in European study and travel. He was employed for some time after his return from his study abroad in the office of Messrs. McKim, Meade, & White, of New York. He was one of the founders and one of the original members of the Architectural League of New York, is a member of the American Institute of Architects, and was one of the five architects chosen for the National Jury of Selection to designate the works of art for the recent World's Fair in Chicago. He has been architect for some of the most important buildings, both municipal and ecclesiastical, which have been erected in the city of St. Paul since he became identified with the architectural interests of that city.

By the provisions of the legislative act creating the commission and authorizing the erection of the building, it cannot be completed before the expiration of a period of ten years.

TO THE LYRIC MUSE IN WINTER.

Oh nymph of all most sweet and fair,
With feet that scarcely touch the earth,
And wind-flowers trembling in thy hair
And voice of music, breathing mirth,

Come with the light of endless spring
That makes the earth a fairy shore;—
But pause and rest thy rosy wing
Of deathless song beside my door.

While thy glad welcome happy birds
Warble on winter's ashen tree,
They'll dream of Zephyr's airy words
That wake gold butterfly and bee.

Then linger at my door awhile—
Just long enough, oh maid divine,
To tell me with thy gracious smile
That thou wilt be my Valentine.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

IN THE BOXES AT THE OPERA.—Drawn

Drawn by A. B. Wenzell.—[See Page 1161.]

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF THE UNITED STATES.

SIXTH PAPER.—HIGH-SCHOOLS.

BY F. W. HEWES.

THE preceding papers of this series have presented the general features of the public-school system of the United States, compared the standing of the several individual States and geographical divisions in relation thereto, and made a series of studies of the relative importance of city and country schools in the several sections.

An unemphasized item in the fifth paper brought out the fact that more than three-fourths of all the students receiving educational training in the public schools are educated in the country (or ungraded) schools. This fact takes on greater prominence by an examination of the city-school records, which show that—including private schools—the pupils receiving high-school training are not

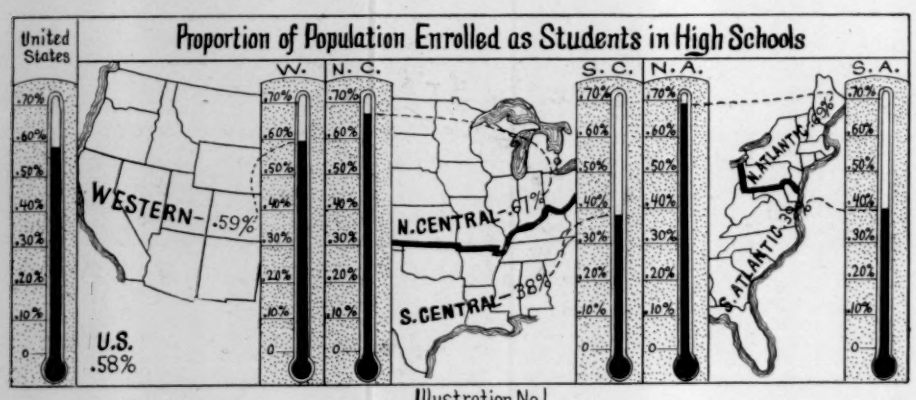


Illustration No.1

quite twelve per cent. of total city-school students, or about one-fiftieth of the total school enrolment. This means that out of every one hundred students of the public schools only two have anything more than elementary (primary and grammar school) training.

This one-fiftieth is, however, so important a part of the whole as to justify a special study to set forth its relation to the several sections of the country, to the male and female elements of population, and to the practical needs of the people.

While of successful men and women some never received any high-school training, and others are graduates of colleges and universities, it is emphatically safe to state that of those who are best filling the positions of real usefulness on the farm, in the workshop, in trade, finance, and commerce, on the rostrum, or in the literary or scientific field, a very large number are those whose book or theoretical training culminated in our high-schools.

DISTRIBUTION.—In view of this statement it becomes worth while to inquire how the high-school element is distributed to the several sections of the country. How is the population represented proportionally in the high-schools? This question is graphically answered by illustration No. 1.

In this illustration the two Atlantic divisions are mapped together, with a thermometer for each division. Following the name "N. Atlantic" printed on the map are the figures ".69%," indicating the proportion of total population enrolled in the high-schools. A dotted line leads from the figures ".69%" to the top of the mercury in the left-hand thermometer, which, it is seen, stands at .69 per cent. The mercury in the right-hand thermometer is seen to stand at .39 per cent., only a little over half as high, showing that the South Atlantic division has about half as large a proportion of high-school students.

The North Central and South Central divisions present almost an exact parallel, as is seen by their respective thermometers. The mercury in the thermometer of the Western division registers eight points lower than that of the North Central division, and only one point higher than that recording the average for the whole United States, at the extreme left of the illustration.*

This comparison again reveals the long uphill climb the South has to make before she takes rank with either North or West in educational attainment. And yet again the reader should recall that the South has had only the period since the civil war in which to build up its entire public-school system, while the North has had the whole period of national life, and the West the whole period of its settlement, backed by an inheritance from New England of public-school faith reaching to the days of the Pilgrim Fathers. With this thought in mind the attainment of the South takes on enlarged value, and is big with hope for the future.

COEDUCATION.—In view of the modern claim for co-education in colleges it is desirable to know the proportion of male and female students in the high-schools of the country where there are no restrictions as to sex.

Illustration No. 2 consists of two diagrams. The left-hand one portrays the data relating to public schools and the right-hand to private schools, as indicated by the respective sub-titles. The left-hand comparison shows by the upward slant of the five delineating lines, as they pass from the left-hand scale ("Male") to the right-hand scale ("Female"), that in every section of the United States there is a preponderance of female students in the public high-schools. The nearly parallel slant of the five lines shows that the preponderance is nearly uniform in the five sections.

The conditions relative to private schools, presented in the right-hand diagram, shows a lack of such uniformity. It is seen at once that the private schools of the two Atlantic divisions report a considerable preponderance of male students, while those of the North Central division show but little variation, and those of the South Central and Western divisions correspond very closely to the proportions in the public schools.

The totals for the whole country, printed in the lower corners of the illustration, show that while the public schools report nearly half as many more female as male students, the private schools report very nearly equal numbers, indicating a slightly larger number of males; and that the aggregate number of females in both public and private schools is nearly one-third more than the aggregate number of male students.

ENROLMENT.—In addition to comparison of sex in the two classes of schools, and in the several sections of the country, illustration No. 2 compares the number of students enrolled in each class of schools and in each geographical section. This comparison is made doubly effective by placing the lower ends of each two measuring scales together, thereby shortening the delineating lines for small numbers as well as placing them low down on the diagram. In ordinary delineations of this character the small quantities, or numbers, are indicated by a position near the foot of the diagram only, and the measuring scales being perpendicular the small numbers compared have as long a line, approximately, as the larger numbers.

With this explanation in mind the prominence of the two long lines in the upper portion of the left-hand diagram is better understood. It is easy to comprehend that those two lines represent a greater number of students than all the other eight lines of the two diagrams put together. This means that the students of the public high-schools of the North Atlantic and North Central sections outnumber all other high-school students both public and private in the whole United States, and the footings show that they do this by over fifty per cent.*

The empty condition of the right-hand diagram is a striking reminder of how small a proportion, the high-school students in private schools are of the total high-school students of the United States. A more careful study of the lines brings out the interesting fact that in the two Southern divisions the private high-school students are nearly twice as many as those in their public schools. This is a clear case of inheritance from the educational system in practice before the civil war, where there were no public schools of any kind, and the transition of the high-school from private to public control is therefore slow.

STUDIES PURSUED.—One of the chief educational controversies during the past three or four decades relates to the school studies best suited for the youth of this country.† The advocates of classical studies may be somewhat disappointed to note that the line delineating the proportion of students pursuing algebra (illustration No. 3) is higher and longer than that delineating the proportion of Latin students, and those portraying physics and geometry are so much higher and longer than those marking the percentages of French or German, and that chemistry outranks Greek.

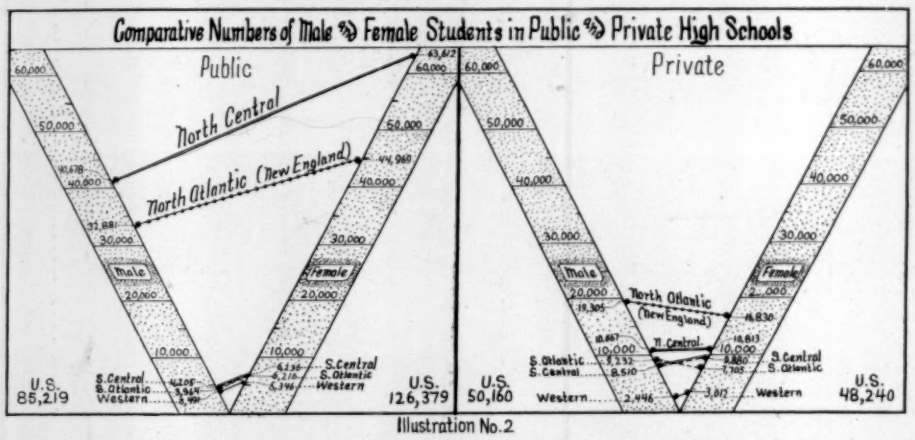


Illustration No.2

Having taken this general survey of illustration No. 3, the next step is to study each of its two diagrams separately as related to public and private schools. Beginning with the left-hand diagram, there is a marked contrast indicated in the proportion pursuing French and Greek in public and private schools as compared with the relative proportions pursuing Latin and German. The long line representing Latin indicates a great preponderance of Latin students both by its length and by its being placed

NOTE.—The facts and figures presented in this paper are drawn from the report of the Commissioner of Education at Washington, D. C., which presents the second attempt to collect the data. The Commissioner states that "for the purpose of comparison and study . . . . the two great classes of (1) public high-schools, and (2) private academies, seminaries, and institutions of like grade, have been reported in the same way, as far as possible." He also states that while the result of the first attempt fell short of covering the whole ground, and that while it is true that the returns received and given in the present report are not complete, yet "it is equally true that what data have been received are fairly reliable, and for comparison as to the character of the institutions by their studies, and of the two classes of public and private institutions with each other, the data are sufficient." The third attempt published since this paper was prepared corroborates the foregoing statement of the Commissioner, that the data presented in the second attempt were sufficient to make reliable comparison of the nature undertaken.

* Adding to these ratios the students in preparatory departments of colleges and universities (practically high-school students) makes the record read as follows:

United States, .65 per cent.	South Central, .47 per cent.
North Atlantic, .71 per cent.	North Central, .76 per cent.
South Atlantic, .43 per cent.	Western, .71 per cent.

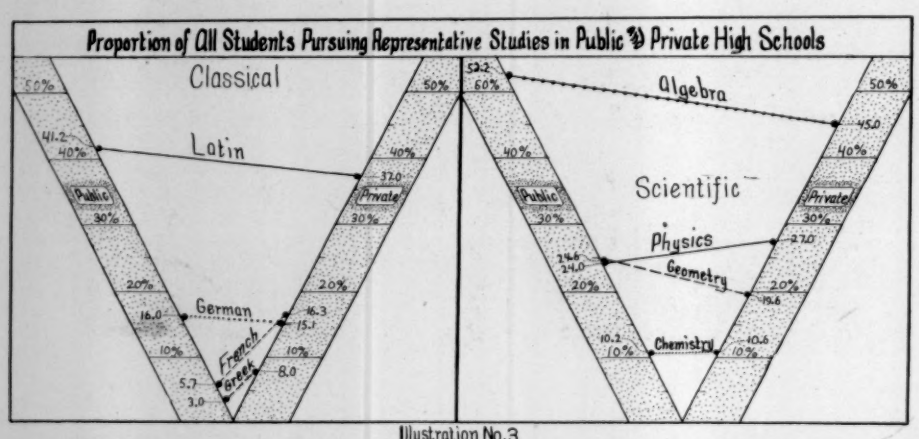


Illustration No.3

* Another word to the scientifically inclined reader in relation to the method of placing the lower ends of the two measuring scales together. Beside giving force by shortening the slant lines for small quantities, an equally important gain is made in the direction, or slant, of the lines. When the measuring scales are equidistant at top and bottom, a slant line starting from the middle of the left-hand scale and striking the top of the right-hand scale would mark a difference of 100 per cent., and its slant would be very observable, while a slant line starting one-fourth inch from the foot of the left-hand scale and striking the right-hand scale one-half inch up, which would also mark a difference of 100 per cent., would have a very slight inclination as compared with the other line. With the arrangement of the measuring scales employed in illustrations 2, 3, and 5 the slant of lower lines is the same as that of upper lines in cases of equal proportionate differences, and related differences are therefore more clearly indicated to the eye.

† That the several comparisons may be placed on their proper footing, it should be noted that the Commissioner took much care to eliminate errors naturally arising from the misapplied name of "high-school" in some sections of the country, especially private high-schools.

In addition to ascertaining the number of students in "secondary" (high-school) and "elementary" (grammar and primary) grades, by having the reports so classify them, he says, "another plan was adopted to secure uniformity by having a report of the number of students pursuing certain studies generally accepted as secondary studies."

high up on the diagram, and while the proportion is greater in public than in private schools, it is not much greater, as is shown by the fact that the dot at the left-hand end (Public Schools) of the line is only enough higher than the right-hand end to give the line a gentle slope. The German line slopes still less, indicating still more nearly equal proportions in public and private schools, while the percentages marked at the ends of the line are only about one-third as great as the Latin percentages.

The very small percentages of French and Greek in the public schools, with more than twice as great proportions in the private schools, form one of the most striking comparisons presented in the whole high-school problem, and are clearly portrayed by the sharp pitch of the two short lines at the bottom of the "Classical" diagram.

It is gratifying to the advocates of "scientific" studies to note that algebra (a good representative of those studies requiring exact reasoning) stands at the head of the list; and advocates of public schools will be pleased to note that mathematics takes a higher rank as a study in public than in private schools, while they will find it unpleasant to note that private schools record 27 per cent. of their students pursuing physics and public schools only 24 per cent. Their disappointment will not, however, go very deep as they look again at the right-hand diagram of illustration No. 2 and realize that 27 per cent. of the few private-school students is, after all, not nearly as many as 24 per cent. of the greatly preponderating number of public-school students.

It is desirable to follow this inquiry into the selection of classical and scientific studies, a step farther by investigating the choice of studies made by those students who are preparing for college, and at the same time instructive to examine the record in this particular for each of the great geographical divisions. Illustration No. 4 shows by the height of mercury in the two left-hand thermometers that, taking the whole country, there are even now more high-school students preparing for college in the classical than in the scientific courses of study. At the same time the mercury in the scientific thermometer is almost on a level with that in the classical, while twenty-five years ago the classical mercury would have had to look down a long way to see the top of the scientific column.

Passing now to the right-hand end of illustration No. 4 and noting the height of the mercury in the two New England (North Atlantic) thermometers, it is seen that the classical still stands well above the scientific. There is no

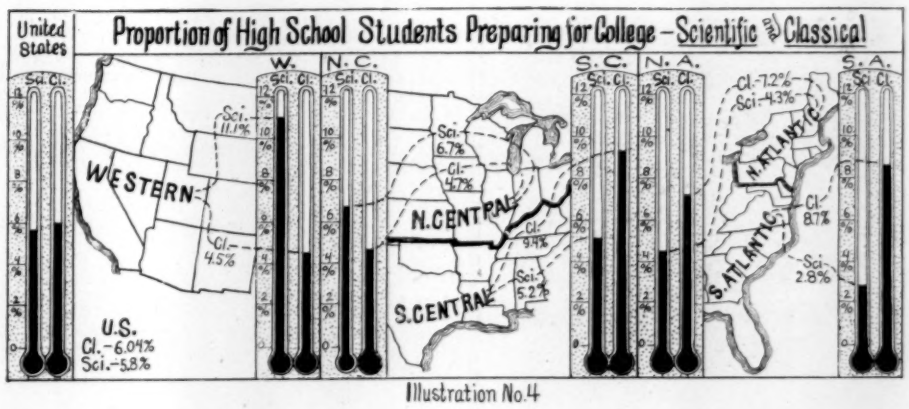


Illustration No. 4

female Greek students in public schools, and the other the proportions in private schools, as noted on the two lines. It is readily seen that of the very few Greek students—eight per cent.—in the private schools (illustration No. 3) over eighty per cent. (81.8 per cent.) are males (illustration No. 5), and consequently less than twenty per cent. (18.2 per cent.) are females. This is the extreme variation among the several studies under examination, as is readily seen by a glance over the whole illustration. The variation in the male and female proportions of the three per cent. of Greek students in public schools is seen to be not quite as great, although the preponderance of male students is as 65.9 to 34.1, or nearly double. The two Greek lines are presented separately, on a diminished scale, at the lower left-hand corner of the "Classical" diagram.

The French line in illustration No. 3 is a broken plain line, and the two broken plain lines of the "Classical" diagram of illustration No. 5 show a very large and almost equal supremacy of female students in public and private schools. The two (dotted) German lines show a slightly larger proportion of males in both public and private schools. The two (plain) Latin lines slant in opposite directions, showing a larger proportion of Latin male students in private schools, and a still larger proportion of female Latin students in public schools.

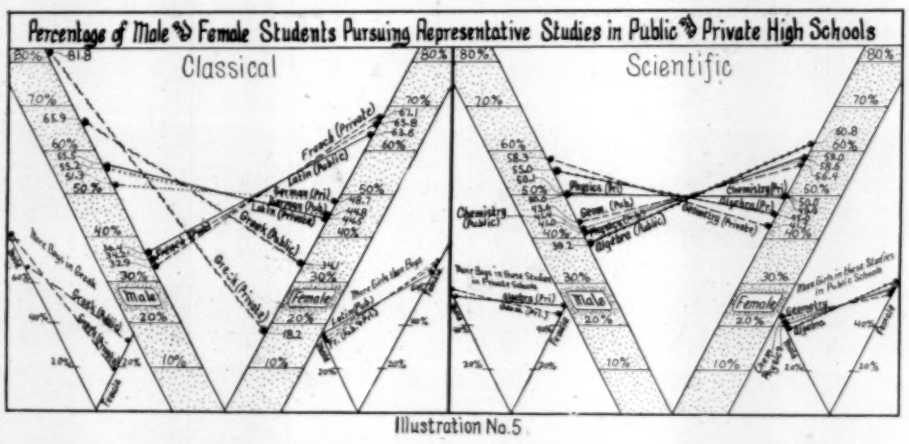


Illustration No. 5

section of the country where the conflict between scientific and classical studies has been waged so sharply as in the New England group of States. This group is at once the stronghold of the earlier educational traditions and of great practical manufacturing interests. While manufacture has pleaded for scientific training, scholasticism has stood stubbornly for classical instruction. The climb of the mercury in the scientific thermometer is therefore slow, and the reluctant receding of the classical mercury equally slow.

The two Southern sections present a most interesting study. In those two sections the earlier traditions have been little disturbed by the modern demands for scientific training. Manufacture and the problems of mechanical and mining engineering have not yet become forceful elements in the South. The conditions (especially in the South Atlantic division) portrayed by the columns of mercury in the two right-hand thermometers probably more nearly indicate the general attitude of the whole country thirty or forty years ago than is shown by any other pair of thermometers in the illustration.

The North Central section occupies the middle ground both geographically and controversially. Less fettered by traditions, the demands of modern conditions have been more promptly responded to, and the choice of studies in that division gives the scientific mercury a register considerably higher than that of the classical. It is, however, in the mining regions of the free far West, where traditions have little weight, that the students of the high-schools are most largely choosing the scientific courses of study in their preparation for college. Taking these two illustrations (3 and 4) together, the student of educational diagnosis has a rare aid by which to read his horoscope.

Sex in Study.—As a further aid in the consideration of coeducation illustration No. 5 portrays the proportions of male and female students pursuing representative studies in private and public schools. To aid the reader to analyze readily this illustration it should be stated that the slant lines are best studied in pairs or groups, and the small diagrams accompanying the larger ones will be found helpful in this respect.

Let the study begin with the left-hand diagram, but first note that the left-hand diagram of illustration No. 3 carries four varieties of lines. Each of these four lines is represented by a pair of lines (having the same characteristics) in illustration No. 5. The shortest of the four lines of illustration No. 3 (Greek) is a broken wave line. One of the two broken wave lines of illustration No. 5 connects the two dots which indicate the proportions of male and

We may therefore think of the wee small Greek class as composed almost wholly of boys, the somewhat larger French class as composed largely of girls, and the German class as having just a few more boys than girls, in both public and private schools. The memory of Latin classes must, however, picture about fifteen girls to ten boys in the public schools and eight girls to ten boys in the private schools.

Transferring the inquiry to "Scientific" studies, the pair of algebra lines, and also the pair of geometry lines, indicate that we may think of the algebra and geometry classes as composed of proportions of boys and girls closely identical with those of the Latin classes just described, but that the algebra class is considerably larger than the Latin class (illustration No. 3), and the geometry class only about half as large as the algebra class.

The two lines (physics and chemistry) crossing at almost exactly a horizontal, from 50 per cent. male to 50 per cent. female, give a picture of those two classes, in the private schools, as made up of a boy for each girl (or a girl for each boy, as best suits the reader), so that if they should all conclude to marry there could be a mate for each student without going into other classes. If, however, the pupils of the chemistry and physics classes in the public schools should pair off, there would be a surplus of nearly twenty girls for each forty pairs.

Taking the whole range of studies together, there appears to be small variation in the proportion of male and female students pursuing the eight representative studies selected for comparison. In the "Classical" it is readily observable by the upward slant of the three lines—Latin in public schools and French in both public and private schools—that the girls largely preponderate, while the other six lines show supremacy for the boys.

In the "Scientific" four lines slant upward from left to right, showing a greater proportion of girls in the public schools in each of the four studies. This is to be expected from the greater number of girls enrolled in the public schools (illustration No. 2), and approximately, the slant of the lines is about the same, showing that the girls are, neither by their own choice nor by the advice of teachers, debarred from the scientific courses of study in the public schools. In private schools, however, mathematics is plainly not as popular with girls as physics and chemistry, as indicated by the downward slope of the geometry and algebra lines, while the chemistry and physics lines run almost horizontally across from 50 per cent. male to 50 per cent. female, as noted in a preceding paragraph.

Graduation.—While not as valuable an element in the educational problem as either of the preceding studies, yet it is both locally and generally interesting to inquire how public and private schools compare in point of completing the studies pursued.

Illustration No. 6 gives the analysis of this question. Beginning with the pair of thermometers at the extreme left, it is noticed that the mercury stands almost twice as high in the public-school tube as in that of private schools. In four of the five other public school thermometers the mercury registers very uniformly, showing an extreme range from 12 per cent. to $13\frac{3}{10}$ per cent. only. In the South Central division, however, it drops to $9\frac{4}{10}$ per cent. The private schools show no near approach to uniformity, those of the New England division (North Atlantic) registering highest (9.6 per cent.), and those of the South Central division lowest (4.3 per cent).

From this it appears that of the comparatively few students in private high-schools (illustration No. 2) only a small proportion are graduated (left-hand thermometers, illustration No. 6), while of the much greater number of high-school students in public schools a much larger proportion are graduated. Putting this outline in the words of the United States Commissioner of Education, "it appears that of the 32,567 graduates in both public high-schools and private academies, 25,459, or over 78 per cent., came from the public schools, and only about 22 per cent. from private institutions." This means that of all the young men and women annually stepping into the practical avenues of life with a high-school training, more than three-fourths came from our public schools.

More than this, the Commissioner points out that "the North Central division furnished 12,933, or over one-half." Now when it is recalled that in the North Central division the scientific courses of study preponderate by a record of 67 to 47 (illustration No. 4), or 142 to 100, it is a significant "straw" by which to judge of the educational drift.

Summary.—*Finished Work.*—From illustration No. 1 it is patent that the two sections having the largest proportion of population in high-schools are the North Atlantic and the North Central; and from the figures just quoted it is equally evident that in finished work the one section (North Central) turns out more than half of all the public high-school graduates of the whole United States.

Coeducation.—From the study of the data bearing on the coeducational problem it is indicated that in the high-schools girls are not shrinking from the scientific work of the public schools, and that in the private schools no marked shrinkage is apparent.

Science.—Considering the conflict between classical and scientific studies, the battle seems to be going strongly in favor of the scientific courses as better adapted to the requirements of the age, with its marvellous industrial and commercial development.

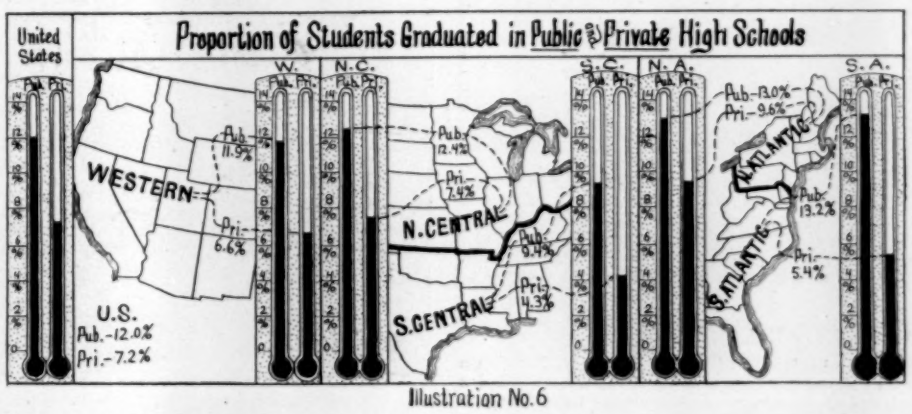
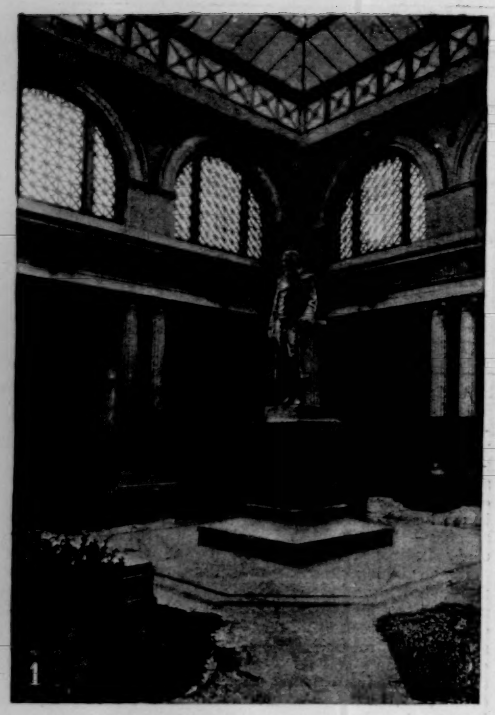


Illustration No. 6



POMPEIIAN COURT.

THE JEFFERSON OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

It has taken two years for the architects, Messrs. Carrere & Hastings, to bring to a conclusion a fine structure in Richmond, Virginia, which is to be known as the Jefferson. Hotel-planning as far as interior arrangement goes is a modern art, and nowhere has it been carried to such excellence as in the United States.

The selection for the site of the Jefferson is all that can be desired, and in this respect the architects have been fortunate. On both Franklin and Main streets, in Richmond, the building occupies half a square, and then extends along Jefferson Street to Main, so that the hotel stands on a full square of ground. The illustration shows the Franklin Street front. The style of architecture is the Italian Renaissance, and the material used is a light-colored brick with terra-cotta and granite, the roofs being red-tiled. On the side fronting Franklin Street a variety

MARBLE HALL.

of colored marbles have been used for the columns. It is perfectly admissible in such a structure to preclude whatever is monotonous, for American hotels are not to be considered as barracks. The Richmond architects, accordingly, have both on the outside and particularly in the interior, produced many pleasing effects by a well-chosen variety of form and decoration.

As to the practical part of the plans, looking towards the accommodation and comfort of the guests, there are on the first floor eighty-five bedrooms, in the second seventy-nine, and there are two more stories similarly provided with rooms. There are bath-rooms on all the stories which are adjacent to the bedchambers.

One handsome feature, in a decorative sense, is the Franklin Street court. Covered over with a glass roof, this is to be used as a winter-garden. There are three broad entrances to this court. In the centre stands the statue of Thomas Jefferson. There are several fountains here, the waters of which on nights are to be electrically lighted. There are many possibilities intimated as likely to complete the elegances of the Jefferson as an extensive roof-garden.

The illustration No. 4 is taken from the high loggia on the Franklin Street front, and it gives a good idea of the fine proportions of the building. The print No. 2 shows one of the corridors, and No. 3 the general decoration and furnishing of a reception-room.

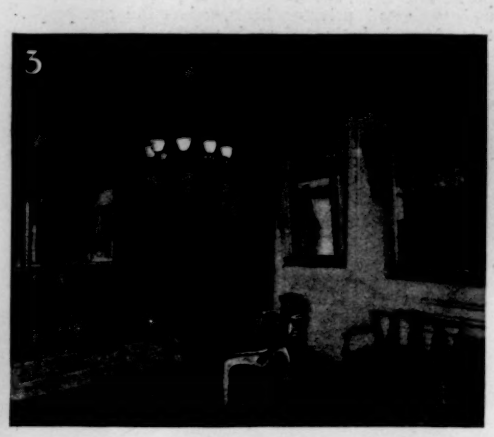
The Jefferson, which so far as regards construction and furnishing is the rival of any New York hotel, was opened for guests in the first week of November.

AN UNDESIRABLE PUBLIC OFFICE.

With the beginning of the present administration a writer of letters for a newspaper syndicate published a description of some "undesirable offices" under the government. A few days after the publication of this story the Secretary of the Treasury and other public officials began to receive letters from people in all parts of the United States, making application for the positions which had been described. It was demonstrated very soon that the least desirable of the appointments under the government would please any one of a great many people. When it is said that the office of the Treasurer of the United States is an undesirable office, therefore, it must not be supposed that there are not many people in the country who would be very glad to relieve Treasurer Morgan of his occupation and responsibility. No President has had difficulty in filling this office satisfactorily on the shortest notice, and with the least consideration and effort.

But it is true, nevertheless, that the Treasurer's position is undesirable in many respects, and that few men who have held the place wish to return to it. When he takes possession of the Treasury vaults he becomes responsible for the safe-keeping of perhaps seven hundred millions of dollars in coin and paper currency. All of this money is counted at the beginning of his term of office, and he gives a clean receipt for it to his predecessor. That receipt is not an absolute release from responsibility. If a defalcation discovered to-day could be traced back ten years the man who was Treasurer then would be held responsible, and he and his bondsmen would be sued for the amount. The bond given by the Treasurer of the United States is perpetual.

In the vault attached to the cash-room of the Treasury Department hangs a small frame in which is a gold-note of the denomination of $10,000. These notes are no longer issued. The one hanging in the vault, however, is worth $10,000, and the custodian of the vault would be held responsible in that sum if it disappeared. When these notes were being issued by the Treasury Department they were put up in packages of 4000 notes, each package being about one cubic foot in size and weighing eleven pounds. It would not have been impossible for one of the trusted employés of the Treasury to have taken one of these $40,000,000 packages with him, though it would have been extremely difficult. There is no obstacle except the honesty of the employé now to prevent any one of two or three clerks in the Treasurer's office taking a bundle of 100 notes of the denomination of $1000 from one of the vault packages and slipping it into his pocket.

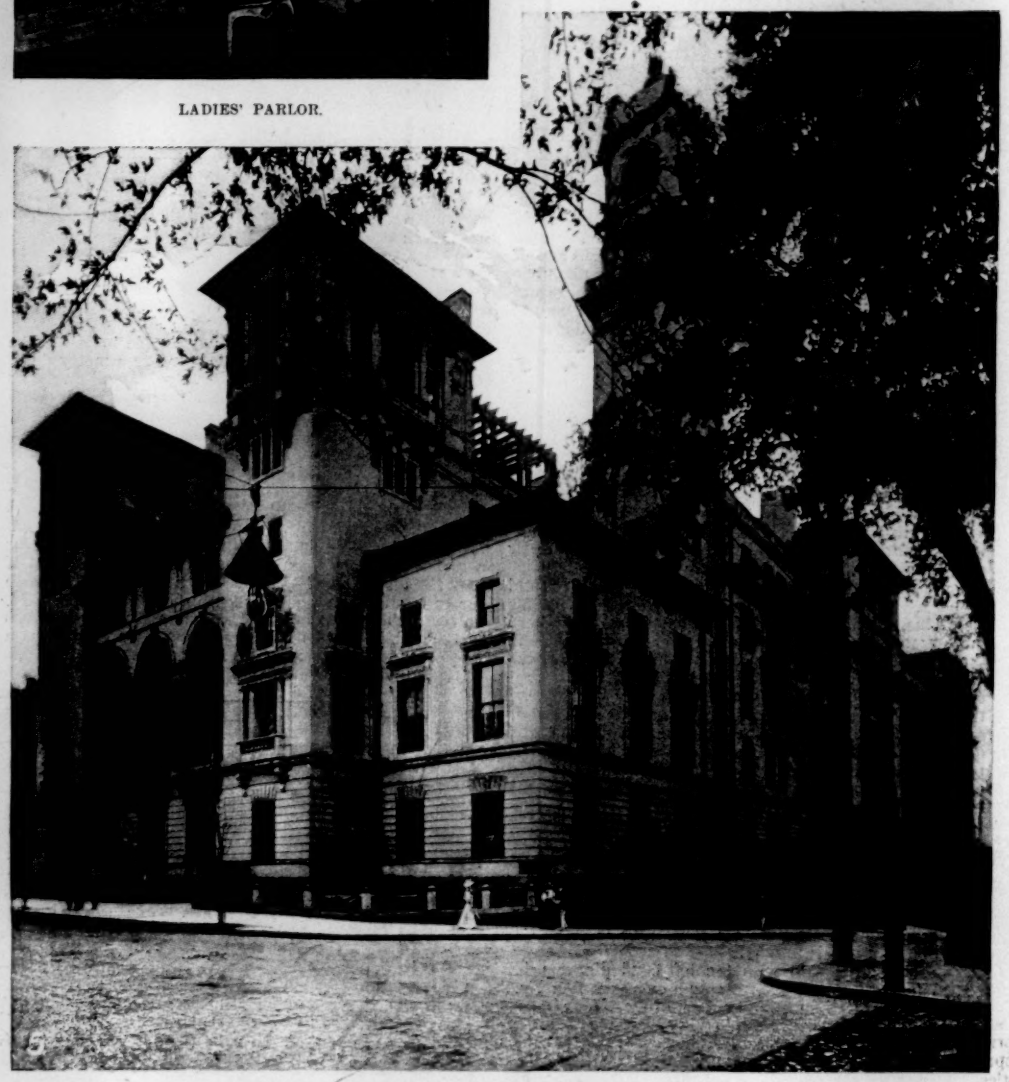


LADIES' PARLOR.

The Assistant Treasurer of the United States stated a few days ago that such a theft was possible, and that it would not be discovered, perhaps, for six months or more. Human ingenuity is exhausted after a time in its attempt to surround the treasure of the government with automatic protection. It must trust finally to the honesty of some one. One of the public servants trusted almost implicitly is the $1400 clerk who makes up the packages of new notes for the reserve vaults, where fresh money seasons for sometimes six or twelve months before the packages are broken and the notes are distributed. Another is the vault clerk who goes in and out of the storage-rooms where nearly two hundred millions are kept, almost entirely free from surveillance. These men and others the Treasurer of the United States must trust. The law does not require that they shall give a bond to him for the honest performance of their duties. No bond which they could give would be adequate, in view of the vast sums which they handle constantly. Yet for their honesty the Treasurer himself and the Treasurer's bondsmen are held liable, and if one of them should walk off to-morrow with a little package worth $100,000 the Treasurer would have to return that amount to the vaults out of his own fortune. For this responsibility, involving seven hundred million dollars, and for the safe performance of the duties of his office the Treasurer receives a salary of $6000 a year. It is not surprising that almost every incumbent of the office has given it up to his successor gladly, and with no ambition to return.

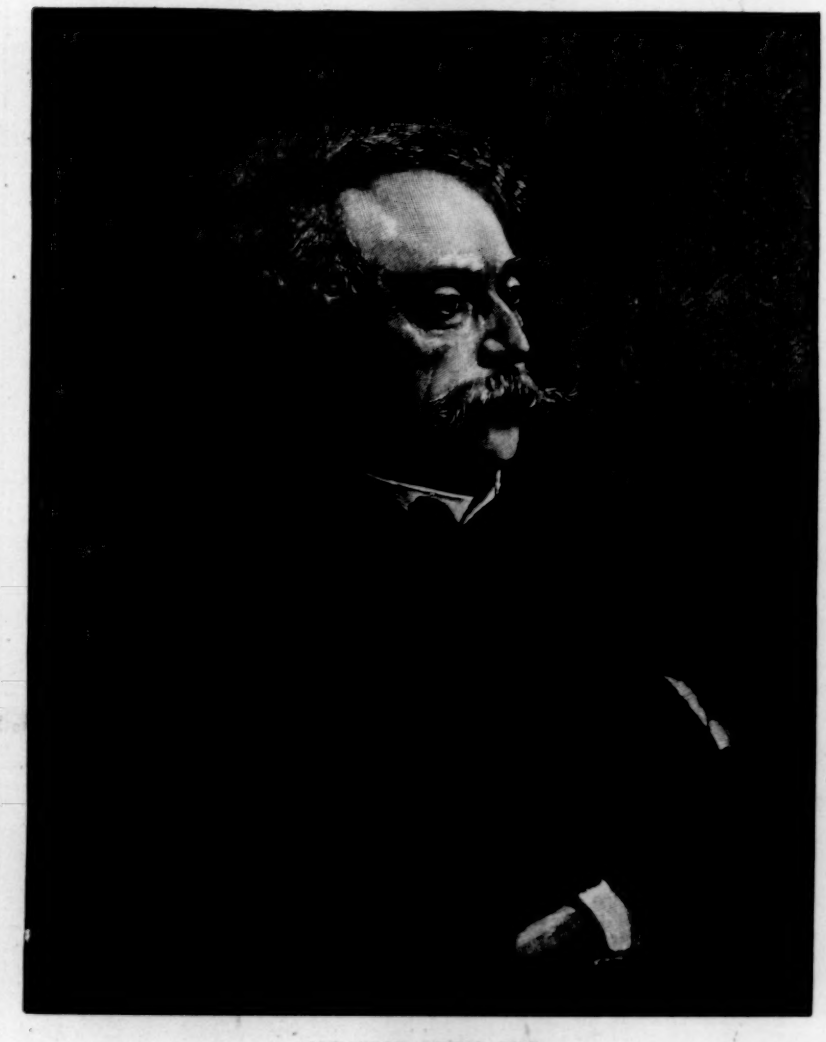
George Grantham Bain.

FRANKLIN STREET LOGGIA.



THE JEFFERSON HOTEL AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS FILS.



ALEXANDRE DUMAS FILS.

We have been consolingly told that when half-gods go, the gods arrive. No equally soothing utterance is current as to the situation when the gods in literature and art vanish and do not usher in any new visitors that seem to fill their room. M. Dumas died last Wednesday at his home in Paris. He died in harness, withal. He belonged to the old Olympian guard in the French novel and in the French drama, dealing with problems in social life—in social attitudes, social ethics, the household of at least two, the ménage of three. He has long been and still is a figure of overtopping individuality. He crystallized a school of play-making and of novel-making. His literary career was an extraordinary one among many extraordinary. It stands for a brilliant triumph of indisputable talent, of enormous insight into opportunity, of the most unflagging industry. The record begins with the first efforts of a very young man (a natural son, withal), working with, rather than after, a great father, always a heavy handicapping to contest. First, we have crude though clever stories and plays that he managed to get published and staged. With *La Dame aux Camélias*, in 1852, came an astonishing triumph, the foundation of success. Published and played in every language, its unhealthy, specious, pathetic argument for one's sympathy with the woman who has no caste, its plea for her rehabilitation, made Dumas the son as notable as Dumas the elder. And the unhealth, the speciousness, the pathos of it, were henceforth more or less the capital for a whole group of dramas that are the stock in trade of all the theatres and of all the emotional actresses of the half-century. Need be mentioned no more examples than *Diane de Lys* (1853); *Le Demi-Monde* (1855); *Supplice d'une Femme* (1866); *L'Ami des Femmes* (1864); *La Femme de Claude* (1873), from which was drawn the famous "Tuélà" doctrine; *L'Étrangère* (1876); *La Princesse de Bagdad* (1881); *Denise* (1881); *Francillon* (1887). Besides these what a catalogue of other productions—matter either quite worthy their places or else pot-boilers! Every French bookseller sued for his remembrance; almost every theatre became his humble servant. Battles with critics, victories over them in the public eyes, wealth, adulation, prestige undiminished—all these good things have come to M. Dumas during decades. Lately the revival of dramas that the critics did not accept before has given him new laurels. No wonder that his death seems to many an apotheosis!

Not such, however, to the moralist, or to the critic who believes that the stage should have a nice conscience. Not such to the reader who holds to the idea that the novel must be ethically sound as an influence. Not such to those who desire the play and story to idealize healthy life, to be poetry as well as picture. Dumas is the great expositor of realism, of minute fidelity to human nature—in the sufficient degree that preceded the present lengths to which that idea is carried. He was emphatically the realist. He took up life and his types with no idea of interesting us by poetizing them. He succeeded. And in the process he has been the master-disturber in ethics first and last—an amazingly skilful mischief-maker in them—one who, pretending to be morality's champion, betrayed it superbly. He so placed the problems of perverted characters and impulses before us that if we do not feel always disposed to pardon—often we do—we feel that they add so much to the interest of social existence that as studies they cannot conveniently be spared.

E. Irenæus Stevenson.

THE TWO NEW BATTLE-SHIPS.

The most important part of the naval appropriations, approved March 2d of the present year, was the provision for the *Kearsarge* and a sister ship as yet unnamed, whereby our fleet of fighting craft of the heaviest order was swelled to six ships, and our prospective line of battle augmented by two very formidable vessels.

The act appropriates $8,000,000; the cost of each, excluding armament, is to be one-half that sum. These vessels resemble more the *Indiana* class than their more recent typemate, the *Iowa*, but in point of armor protection and character and disposition of batteries are in every sense unique.

Their general dimensions and particular features are: Length on load water-line, 368 feet; beam, extreme, 72 feet 2.5 inches; freeboard, forward, 14 feet 3 inches; freeboard, aft, 12 feet 3 inches; normal displacement, 11,500 tons; corresponding draught, 23 feet 6 inches; coal supply, normal displacement, 410 tons; bunker capacity, 1210 tons; indicated horse-power, 10,000; speed, an hour, in knots, 16.

Armament: Main battery, four 13-inch breech-loading rifles, four 8-inch breech-loading rifles; secondary battery, fourteen 5-inch rapid-fire breech-loading rifles; auxiliary battery, twenty 6-pounder rapid-fire, six 1-pounder rapid-fire, four machine-guns.

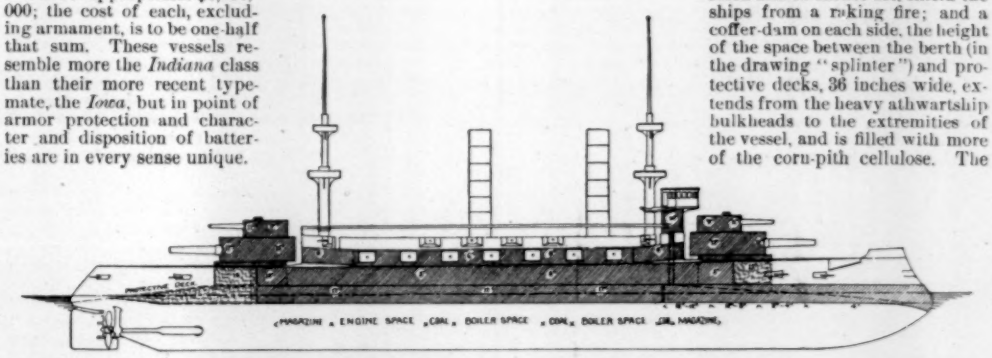
There will be five torpedo-tubes, all above water, one in the stem and two on each broadside amidships.

These vessels are purposely of moderate draught—lighter, in fact, than the armored cruiser *New York* or *Brooklyn*, or any of their sister ships; and with 1210 tons of coal on board 25 feet of water will float them.

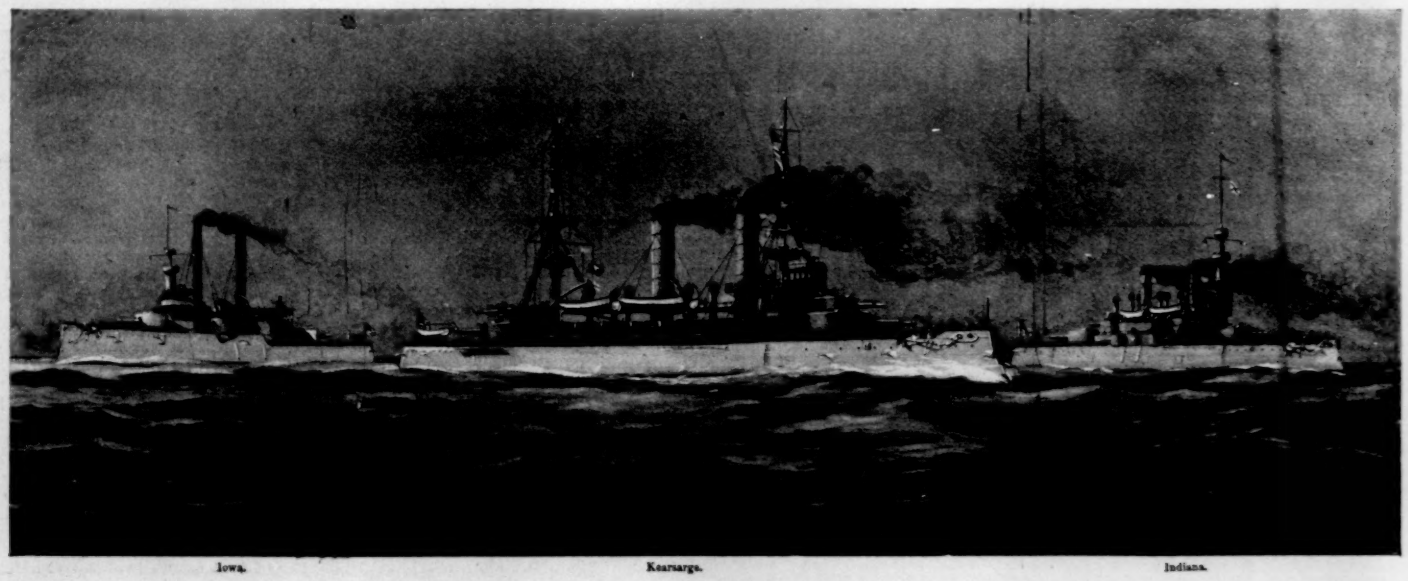
The small drawing, giving a broadside view of the armor distribution, shows how widespread is the protection to hull, guns, water-line, and the vital region within which are compassed the motive power, magazines, and shell-rooms, and emphasizes the smallness of those unimportant parts aboveboard not guarded from a foeman's shot. Below water, the double bottom, running up to the under side of the water-line armor belt, and the water itself are enough to guard against all but serious damage by grounding, torpedo attack, or that invincible thrust, a blow from an enemy's ram.

Every vital part is literally boxed within walls of Harveyized steel, and how thoroughly so the pen-and-ink drawings will show. Setting aside the turrets, the 5-inch guns are shielded by six inches of steel, with a 2-inch splinter bulkhead worked between each gun station.

Throughout the engine, boiler, and magazine spaces the 7½-foot armor belt is 17 inches thick at the top and 9½ inches at the bottom, and above this belt the side plating of two half-inch plates will be augmented by 5 inches of armor, backed by several feet of coal and a 3-foot coffer-dam filled with fire-proofed corn-pith cellulose. A flat protective deck 2½ inches thick houses the vital regions, and slopes thence toward the stem and the stern, where its inclined sides are thickened to 3 and 5 inches respectively. Athwartship bulkheads, 10 inches thick and 12 inches aft, shield the ships from a raking fire; and a coffer-dam on each side, the height of the space between the berth (in the drawing "splinter") and protective decks, 36 inches wide, extends from the heavy athwartship bulkheads to the extremities of the vessel, and is filled with more of the corn-pith cellulose. The



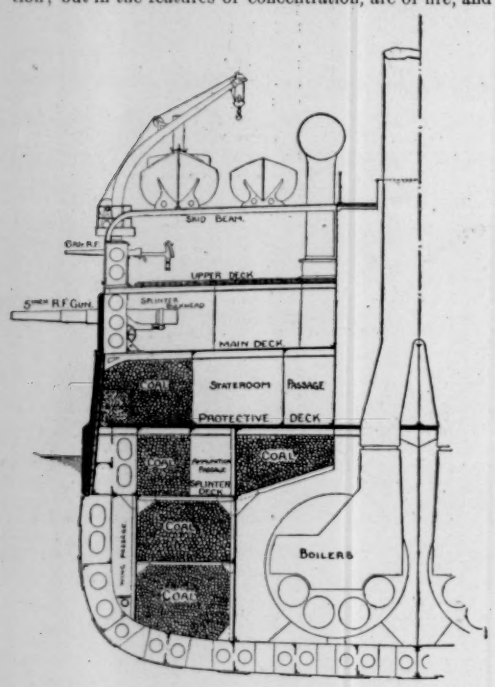
SHOWING THE PROTECTING ARMOR BELT.



Iowa. Kearsarge. Indiana.

ONE HALF OF OUR PROSPECTIVE LINE OF BATTLE.

main battery, equally divided, is housed in two double-decked barbette turrets. The barbettes are 15 inches thick, and carry the armor protection down to the protective deck. The turrets for the 13-inch guns, of like thickness except about the gun-ports, are of the balanced type, and are revolved by mechanism within the barbette walls. The 8-inch guns are covered by a turret 9 inches thick, except where made heavier about the gun-ports, rigidly superimposed upon the turret for the 13-inch guns, and trained in concert by the same turning mechanism. The arrangement is essentially novel, but the 8-inch guns have no lateral action independent of the 13-inch guns, and either one or the other must control the matter of direction; but in the features of concentration, arc of fire, and



CROSS-SECTION OF NEW BATTLE-SHIP.

protection they are admirable. A conning-tower 10 inches thick will be placed just below the pilot-house and abaft the forward turrets.

The vessels bear the impress of lessons learned in actual conflict, the battery of rapid-fire 5-inch guns being most conspicuous, and a set of electric signals on each mast will double the chances of guiding a fleet in action, while the limited use of wood, and all that fire-proofed, will minimize the danger of disastrous fires.

The ships will be driven by triple-expansion engines, actuating twin screws, which will have a collective horse-power of 10,000 when making 120 revolutions a minute. Five boilers, three double-ended and two single-ended, in four water-tight compartments, will generate the needful steam at a pressure of 180 pounds to the square inch.

There will be no speed premiums, but should the speed fall between 15 and 16 knots a deduction will be made at the rate of $100,000 a knot; below that the vessels are acceptable or rejectable at the discretion of the department.

R. G. SKERRETT.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Mr. E. W. BOK'S article in the *Forum* about "The Modern Literary King" is not a bit of autobiography, as one might guess from its title, but an impassioned complaint about the venality of authors. Mr. Bok says that the modern literary king is the Almighty Dollar, and he insists that authors nowadays are so engrossed with calculations about the money that their work is to bring them that they are unable to bestow an adequate degree of attention on the work itself, but write right along as long as words will come, without waiting for inspiration or taking due time for cogitative or contemplative processes. Mr. Bok finds especial fault with the system by which writers are paid by the word. "Every word," he says, "means so many cents."

"The author sits down to write with that one fact prominently in mind. Let him be as conscientious as he chooses, as sincere as he prefers, it is human nature for him to remember that every word he writes means four, five, six, eight, ten, twelve, or fourteen cents to him. He cannot get away from it. The crisp retort in a dialogue is spun out to a dreary succession of words, words, words. And why not? It is words he is writing; it is words he is paid for. Every vowel looms up into a figure; every 'a,' 'an,' 'is,' 'if,' 'it,' or 'the' means so many cents to him."

Mr. Bok ought to know whereof he writes, but it is pardonable to surmise that in this passage quoted he has been carried away by enthusiasm for his subject. It is perfectly conceivable that successful authors may be led on by the prospect of large returns to write more than they can write well. There are very successful authors to-day who, some people think, are writing themselves out because they want to spend the money their books bring them. But that any one who has intelligence enough to write successfully writes by the word because he is paid by the word, or deliberately spoils his dialogue in order to get more words into it, passes ordinary belief. That would be altogether too palpable a killing of the goose that lays golden eggs. Industry is a very important factor in the production of literature, and beyond question the prospect of good pay stimulates industry. The desire to get the full market value of the product of one's brains is a legitimate aspiration, but literature, to be worth much money, must have quality, and a writer that sacrifices quality to quantity may safely be rated as a person defective in business sense. That a writer whose work has any value should use more words than are necessary to convey clearly what he has to say merely because he is paid by the word is almost inconceivable. He is not really paid for his words, but for his industry, his time, and his knowledge. The words are a convenient measure, as a yard-stick is, or a quart cup; but surely Mr. Bok deceives himself when he supposes that to any decent writer they loom up on the page of any decent writer's manuscript with dollar marks inserted at the proper intervals.

Good pay has at least this much to do with producing good literature. It keeps men at work at the business of writing who would not work at that business unless they could make a fairly good living out of it. It takes able men and women to make good literature, and people of ability won't work any cheaper than they can conveniently help. They are just as appreciative of the convenience of having money as other people are. They like to spend it, to give it away, and some of them even presume to want some to lay by. True, it is demand and supply rather than intrinsic merit that settles the price of manuscript, but Mr. Bok must be a bold man if he hopes to demonstrate that less pay would bring better "copy."

A London correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* speaks with enthusiastic appreciation of the forty-eight pastels by Mr. E. A. Abbey which have been on exhibition at the Fine Art Galleries in London. He quotes Taine's comment on "completeness" as the mark of Shakespeare's pre-eminence, and says: "Complete, versatile, even, and equal, Mr. Abbey has attempted in these masterly studies all that an artist can attempt. . . . He has covered the whole field; line, light, and color are his as they are few men's; he has raised hopes of masterpieces, of a happy combination of his abundant gifts that, blended into a whole, shall stamp his as one of those unities that artists speak of as a 'master.'"

This is taking Mr. Abbey seriously indeed, but it is not an exceptional estimate of his capacity as demonstrated and foreshadowed by his performances. Many of the pictures shown in London are of scenes and figures of the latter part of the eighteenth century, and certain of them, especially two pictures of Bob Acres and David, from *The Rivals*, prompt this zealous admirer to call for a Barry Lyndon illustrated by Mr. Abbey, "and further, if time should permit, an Esmond."

One of Mr. Abbey's advantages is that time, as human judgment goes, is likely to permit to him the accomplishment of a generous proportion of his heart's desire in art, and the attainment of all sorts of perfections and felicities. He is always moving, and always so far moving forward. He has arrived already, but arrival with him seems to imply no halt. As the London writer says, "He has raised hopes of masterpieces," and very confident and aspiring those hopes are.

David W. Lewis, who had been in the employ of Harper & Brothers for more than fifty years, died in Jersey City, November 24th, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. He was born in Oak Street, New York city, and was apprenticed to Harper & Brothers when he was between fourteen and fifteen years of age.

When fine wood-cut printing was still in its infancy Mr. Lewis was one of four young men selected by the firm to learn the art of making overlays. He became very proficient, and himself printed on a hand-press many of the fine plates in *Harper's Pictorial Bible*, which was then exceedingly admired as a remarkable example of fine engraving and printing. His success with this work and with other books made his services much sought after, and he accepted a very flattering offer from the American Tract Society, with which he remained until 1857, when he returned to the Messrs. Harper as assistant foreman of the press-room.

In 1868 he was made foreman, and held this position until about three years ago, when his health failed and he was forced to retire from active service. Mr. Lewis used to delight in telling that he had worked on a hand-press side by side with one of the members of the original firm.

He served them faithfully from youth to old age, seeing their sons and grandsons come into the business, and enjoyed the respect and confidence of them all.

Triumphant Wagnerism may now be fairly said to have added Chicago to its permanent conquests. The series of Wagnerian performances given there last week and this by Mr. Walter Damrosch have been, on the whole, the most worthy and adequate that the Chicago public has known, and have proved a great popular success. What is most striking about it all is the serious way in which this season of opera has been taken. Study classes and lecture recitals have been going on industriously in all sections of the city, and *leitmotivs* have been the order of the day. The time of the witlings, when it was thought funny for a man to say that he would rather hear a high cock crow than a low hen grin, or to chuckle over the profane sound of the word "Götterdämmerung," seems to have passed, although some of the newspaper critics, with their usual sapience, still harp upon Wagner's lack of melody, or the immoral character of Teutonic mythology, or the awful effects of German opera upon the voice. But these observations have somehow lost their point of late years, and the public persists in preferring Wagner to Donizetti, although a vocalist like Madame Melba succeeds now and then in galvanizing "Lucia" into life. It has taken twenty years to make the Chicago public accept Wagner without reserve, but the work is done, thanks to the efforts of Messrs. Thomas, Seidl, and Damrosch.

The release of the agitator Debs from his prison at Woodstock, Illinois, and his visit to Chicago last week, were made the occasion of a demonstration that is not altogether encouraging to the friends of civilization. A committee of about four hundred, representing a large number of labor organizations, went to Woodstock on a specially chartered train, and escorted him to Chicago, where he was greeted by a great number of people, and treated like some victorious general returning from his wars. A mass-meeting in a large hall was arranged for the evening, and an elaborate programme prepared, including speeches by Mr. Henry D. Lloyd, "Bloody Bridles" Waite, and other luminaries of the Populist platform, besides an oration by the hero of the occasion. The ablest speech was made by Mr. Lloyd, whose brilliant talents deserve a better employment than that of appealing to vulgar greed and prejudice, and fomenting the spirit of lawlessness. "The bird of freedom has always been a jail-bird," said Mr. Lloyd, and proceeded, with dubious taste, to compare the case of Debs with those of Moses, Socrates, and Christ. One is reminded somehow of Jack Cade in *King Henry VI.*: "There shall be, in England, seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small-beer; all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass." All of Mr. Lloyd's high-flown talk about the "co-operative commonwealth" reduces to this in the last analysis. As for the speech made by Debs, it defies description. Such rhetoric does not often find its way into print, except for reproof in the pages of some school manual of composition. An example: "No afflatus, however divine, no genius, though saturated with the inspiring waters of Hippocrene, could now write in a spirit of patriotic fire of the old Constitution, nor ever again, until the people, by the all-pervading power of the ballot, have repaired the old chart, closed the rents and obscured the judicial dagger-holes made for the accommodation of millionaires and corporations, through which they drive their four-in-hands as if they were Cumberland gaps." Incidentally the jail-bird of freedom paid his respects to the University of Chicago—"that pilfered pile of public plunder." "What would you think," he asked, in accents of virtuous indignation, "of a Jesse James college or a Captain Kidd university?" He also remarked that he "would rather be as ignorant as a Hottentot than get an education in such an institution as that." These remarkable utterances were greeted with enthusiastic cheers, and the audience dispersed singing their improvised song, "We'll hang Judge Woods on a sour-apple tree." All this is very amusing, but it is even more serious.

That performance of Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* on Monday evening of last week up at the Metropolitan ought to pass into history. For this same superb and authoritative representation, that made us almost forget Lehmann, Sucher, Brandt, Niemann, Vogl, and Fischer, was one quite incidental to a season largely of Italian and French auspices and aspects. The German was, one may say, learned as a labor of love for the occasion—at least as to these rôles. The magnificent Isolde was not a German Wagner-goddess, but an American woman whose Elsa, it seems, had only indicated a wonderful intelligence and artistic capital. The Brangaene, a notable one on the German stage, Miss Brema, is a Scotch woman. The incomparable Tristan, Mr. Jean de Reszké, is identified with the French and Italian stage. His brother, the great Edouard, the Mark of the evening, that surpasses all Marks that have been, is *the* singing-bass of his time in what zealous Wagnerites call "merely French or Italian opera." All their Wagnerian work before has not been very distinct from that position. Mr. Kaschmann, the Kurwenal, to be sure, is a German, but wholly associated with the Italian and French lyric stage; so much so that his German attests it. And under these strange conditions what a victory of broad intelligence and highest art! The audience was one specially able to pass a close verdict, prejudiced against that one it gave—that never had *Tristan* been so sung anywhere, never had it been so acted. Not one touch of its dramatic intensity was slighted. The orchestra of the opera-house was at its best under Mr. Seidl, whose knowledge and skill never were expended in a more singular and triumphant success.

AT THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION.

Two interesting features of the Atlanta Exposition are the Japanese and Mexican villages. The Mexican village is what it pretends to be, and with the exception of one or two gallant cowboys who do fancy lassoing, the inhabitants are all Mexicans.

There is plenty of life and lots of smiling good nature everywhere. The Indian mother patiently bears her pappoose upon her back as she crushes on a rude stone the corn which is soon to make the hot tamales for a group of hungry visitors.

A little bit of a Mexican tot looks like a bright ball of worsted as she rolls upon the floor with a black puppy, declaring to every passer-by that she is not an Indian, and pointing with a small finger of scorn to the cluster of Japotaca women who stand chatting together like so many bright-plumaged birds. These people present to the anthropologist the most interesting study of any foreign women at the fair, for they are the last of a great Indian race—one that in the early days vied with the Aztecs in learning, and far surpassed them in physical beauty. They are tall, with the upbearing grace of young palms. Their polished skin is two tones deeper than old ivory, with a bit of sienna and ochre rubbed in. They have beautiful round throats and small arched feet, tapering hands and ankles small and well rounded. They wear a small head-dress of lace called a wapil, which is caught under the chin when they go to church, and thrown back on mundane occasions. Their heavy black hair is braided with beads and feathers, the admixture of the savage adornment and the rather nunlike arrangement of white lace leaving you in doubt as to whether they are about to take the sacrament or offer up a human sacrifice.

The Japanese Village is entirely a feature to itself. Chicago had Japanese shops and a tea-house, but this little village encompasses all these features.

Passing down a short flight of steps one comes to the prettiest of pictures, for before you stands the tea-house with its five gay little attendants, and between its roof and an adjoining booth one catches dim glimpses of golden water and blue sky. Japan itself seems with you as you sit and sip your tea poured by the small slender hands of the Japanese maid whose gown of gray crape is brocaded in scenes from the Japanese and Chinese war. Disporting over this gentle feminine creature are armies of enraged soldiers; the smoke from their cannon gives a soft gray tone to the garments, while the firing of muskets lends the scarlet touch of color, a poetic parable indeed of the artistic gain to be won through tragical experience. Its tiny wearer evidently doesn't know anything about the late unpleasantness in her country, but tell her she is pretty if you want her to understand you; she will dimple and blush to the rim of that exquisite amethyst kerchief folded about her small throat and bosom.

MAUDE ANDREWS.

AMATEUR SPORT

TURNING TO THE SMALLER COLLEGES, and particularly to those of New England, the season in review may be characterized as one of less intemperateness and higher ethics in play than the preceding season, and as one in which there has appeared less of the undue ambition for those great things which belittle football. Moderation in the frequency of games and generally conservative policies can well be maintained without bad result. But if in some points the season has been an ordinarily quiet one, yet there has been, withal, a very satisfactory series of games in the triangular league, and a spirited bit of work by at least one team outside the inland trio.

IN THE ATHLETIC ANNALS of Brown University the results of this campaign may well stand in red letters. The men, having had to a considerable degree earlier experience together, not only used their weight and training to advantage, but put a snap and system into their play that brought them through a very creditable series of games. Victories over such teams as Lehigh (22–4), Tufts (28–0), Massachusetts Institute of Technology (14–0, 28–0), Wesleyan (10–5), and Dartmouth (10–4) were coupled with defeats by Harvard (6–26), the Crescents (0–16), Cornell (4–6), and West Point (0–28), which in not a few points were fully as creditable as their victories. But the manner in which the efficiency of speediness and weight may be made vastly more decisive by fast playing and high-class team-work was shown with the most striking results in the second game with Yale, when the earlier defeat of Brown at New Haven (0–4), in spite of her interference, was redeemed by the later tie game (6–6) in Providence. It is seldom that an institution outside the circle of those commonly thought of as "big" has sent out an eleven for such a season of justly ambitious work and of thoroughly praiseworthy football.

THE SERIES IN THE TRIANGULAR LEAGUE of Amherst, Dartmouth, and Williams resulted more evenly than at first seemed possible. By unexpectedly satisfactory development of a reasonably good team from light material at Amherst, and by the handicap of abundant injuries on the Williams team, a close contest was occasioned, and each in its turn set also a hard task for the Dartmouth eleven. The Hanover men early in the season showed they had the usual element of "beef," and later, in their first game with Yale, had, by their interference and by good men in the line, taken their defeat (26–0) hard; the brilliancy of the first game could not be repeated in the second game (32–0), when Yale, although not strong at the finish, found the men in green considerably out of condition as a result of a hard game at West Point, when a start toward a vigorous offensive had to give place to a defensive so steady and showy as to give the cadets the smallest margin of a winning score (6–0).

NUMERICALLY AMHERST COMES OUT with better results against Harvard (0–24) and Yale (0–38) than did Williams in either case (0–32, 0–54). Against the Crescents Williams was wellnigh outclassed (0–43), while the Crescent score against Amherst (20–0) was a result much different from that of last year. Against heavier teams Williams and Amherst had to do what little they could by an open game and punting, as in the one case, or by a snappy tiring game, as in the other. When the two met, the presumably saving points of Amherst's game were done away with by the snow and wet, but in spite of that, good tackling and unexpected opportunities with the Williams line enabled Amherst to show a remarkably stiff game, and to come out victorious from a thoroughly exciting and close contest (16–4). A slow field and a heavy line at Hanover were too much for the Amherst game and team, and after one close half the game for Amherst became mainly defensive, the final score being 20–0. The concluding game of the series, at Williamstown, was sharply fought, and for the first half there was no scoring. A goal from the field for Williams was met by two touchdowns by Dartmouth (10–5), and the championship was taken to Hanover, Williams having the satisfying solace of unfortunate gaps in her team, and Amherst recognizing the superiority of the victors. The series throughout was eminently creditable, and the practical evenness of the opponents added much to the interest and effectiveness of the league's work.

OF THE FURTHER POINTS OF NOTICE in New England, mention should be made of the active season at Wesleyan, whose team defeated Tuft's (16–10) and the New Jersey Athletic Club's (18–0) as well as some minor teams, and sustained defeat in each of three quite closely contested games, losing twice to Amherst (10–12, 14–16), and once to Brown (5–10). It was unfortunate that their game with Union was not to a finish, for, turning from the more Eastern teams, the latter college has put out an eleven that has deserved credit from its defeats rather than from victories, having played Williams a close game (12–14), and having held both Yale (0–26) and Princeton (0–22) down to scores quite creditable to Union.

To make more nearly complete the summary of the important elements of the season, allusion should be made to Lafayette's double victory over her rival, Lehigh (22–12, 14–6), and to her close defeat (0–6) by Cornell.

THE FOURSOMES TOURNAMENT AT ST. ANDREWS was the principal event among the Thanksgiving-day golf fixtures, and the superb weather brought out a very good field. The putting-greens were very heavy in the early part of the day, and even the teeing-grounds were muddy, but by noon the sun had dried up the superfluous moisture, and the course was in splendid condition for good play. The notable thing about the playing of the winners, W. H. Sands and Stoddart, was its uniformity, the four rounds showing the close figures of 46, 48, 48, and 47. Both men were in excellent form so far as their driving and iron play were concerned, but better putting, particularly in the third round, would have helped their score by four or five strokes. Stoddart made some especially poor shots for the hole, but then it is wonderful that he can putt at all in the attitude he affects. With both arms hanging clear, he gets no support whatever from his body, and steadiness is almost

(*Continued on page* 1171.)

AN ASTHMA CURE AT LAST.

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the remarkable Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvellous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair, being unable to lie down night or day from Asthma. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to under oath before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, is sending out large trial cases of the Kola compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send them your name and address on a postal card, and they will send you a large trial case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.—[*Adv.*]

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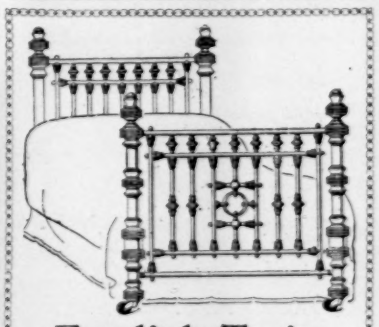

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Legal Notices.

Department of Street Cleaning,
No. 32 Chambers St., New York, October 29, 1895.

SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED AT the office of the Department of Street Cleaning, No. 32 Chambers Street, for receiving and finally disposing of all ashes, garbage, sweepings, and other refuse delivered at the various dumps or dumping places of the Department by the carts of the Department and all other carts duly authorized to collect the same, until 12 o'clock M. of Tuesday, December 10, 1895.

Forms of proposals, specifications, and contract may be had at the office of the Department.

GEO. E. WARING, Jr.,
Commissioner of Street Cleaning.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE CITY RECORD, commencing on the 20th day of November, 1895, and continuing therein consecutively for nine days thereafter, of the confirmation of the assessments for opening and acquiring title to the following-named avenues, and street in the following wards:

Twenty-third Ward: Longwood Avenue, from Southern Boulevard to Tiffany Street. Cromwell Avenue, between Jerome and Inwood Avenues.

Twenty-fourth Ward: Cammann Street, from Harlem Terrace to Fordham Road.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.
City of New York, Finance Department,
Comptroller's Office, November 25, 1895.

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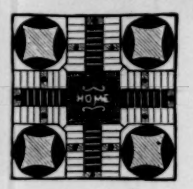

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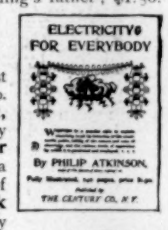

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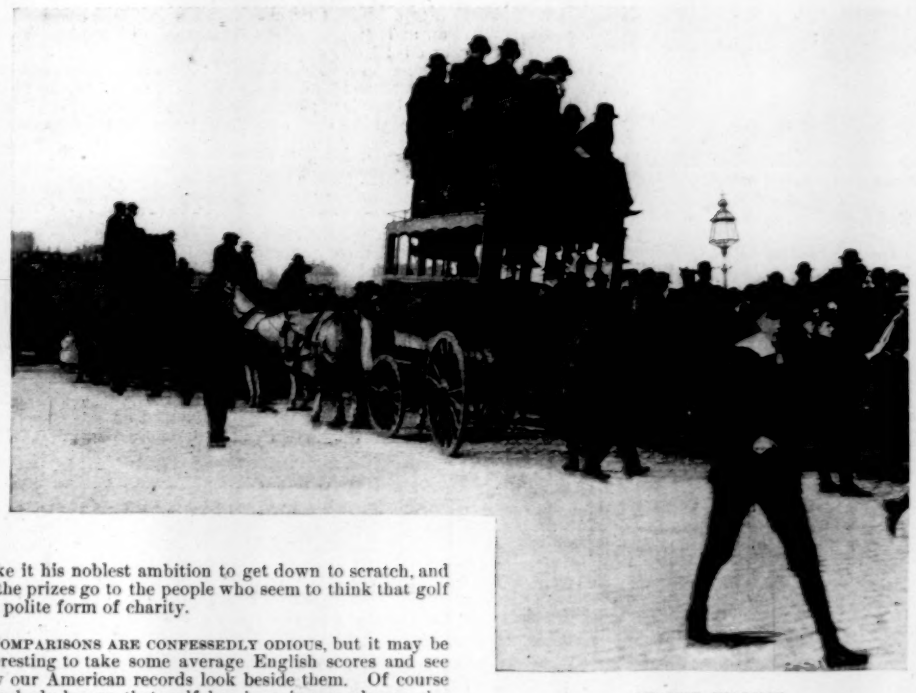
AMATEUR SPORT.—(*Continued from page* 1169.)

impossible. The putting of nearly all the players was mediocre as compared with their other work. Some of the misses were fairly due to the trickiness and heaviness of the greens during the first two rounds, but none of the work was really first-class. Brilliant gobbles and occasional holing-out from the edge of the green may win applause from the gallery, but it is the steady out in two that counts in the score. In the second round Patterson of Richmond County made a beautiful drive for the short hole, laying his ball within fourteen inches of the cup. And then both men missed, the hole being scored in four instead of an easy two.

THE BROOKLINE PAIR, RICE AND HENRY, played against the winners, and were never in the running, although Henry's sensational mashie loft clear over the rock pile at the crag hole was probably the most brilliant stroke of the day. Rice was erratic in his driving, and gave his partner a number of bad lies, but it was their short game that kept their score up.

LYNCH AND KIMBALL, OF THE LAKEWOOD CLUB, should have had a fair chance of being close to the leaders, but the best they could do was to tie for sixth place. Kimball broke his driver before the match, and was apparently unable to do anything with his spare one, foozling shot after shot, and his driving from the tee was almost as poor. He also has the trick of moving back the right foot as he swings down upon the ball, and the habit may account in part for his unsteadiness. Lynch played a good game, but he could not pull his partner along fast enough to win over Livermore and Armstrong. However, in the afternoon, the Lakewood men did better, and their St. Andrews opponents were only one stroke ahead in the two final rounds.

LIVERMORE, THE ST. ANDREWS CAPTAIN, has certainly a very pretty style, and if he could always play within twenty per cent. of his best game it would take a good man to beat him. The neatness and precision of his ordinary iron work were especially noticeable, and he made one particularly good shot out of an exceptionally bad lie in going to the fifth hole on the first round. Armstrong was an excellent partner, and the pair finished in third place, just under the two-hundred mark.



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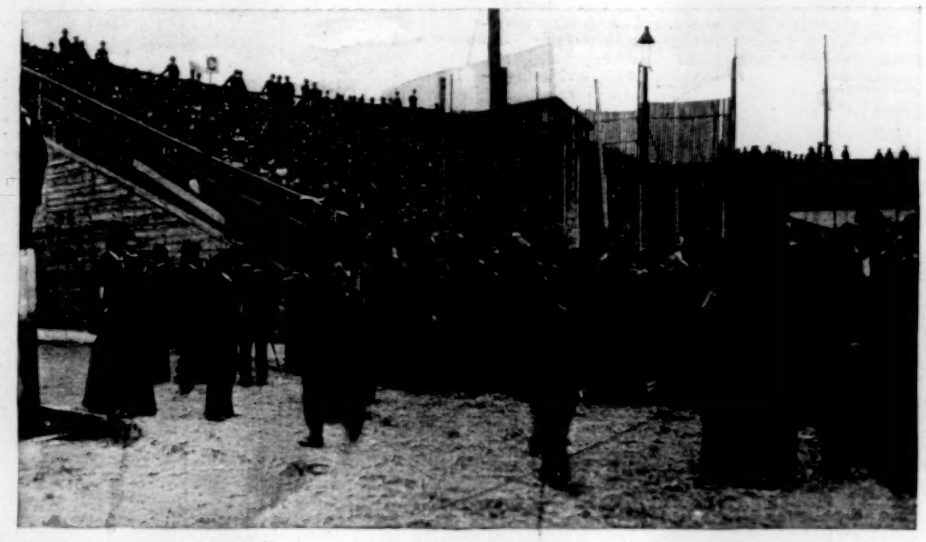


ONE OF THE BLEACHERIES.

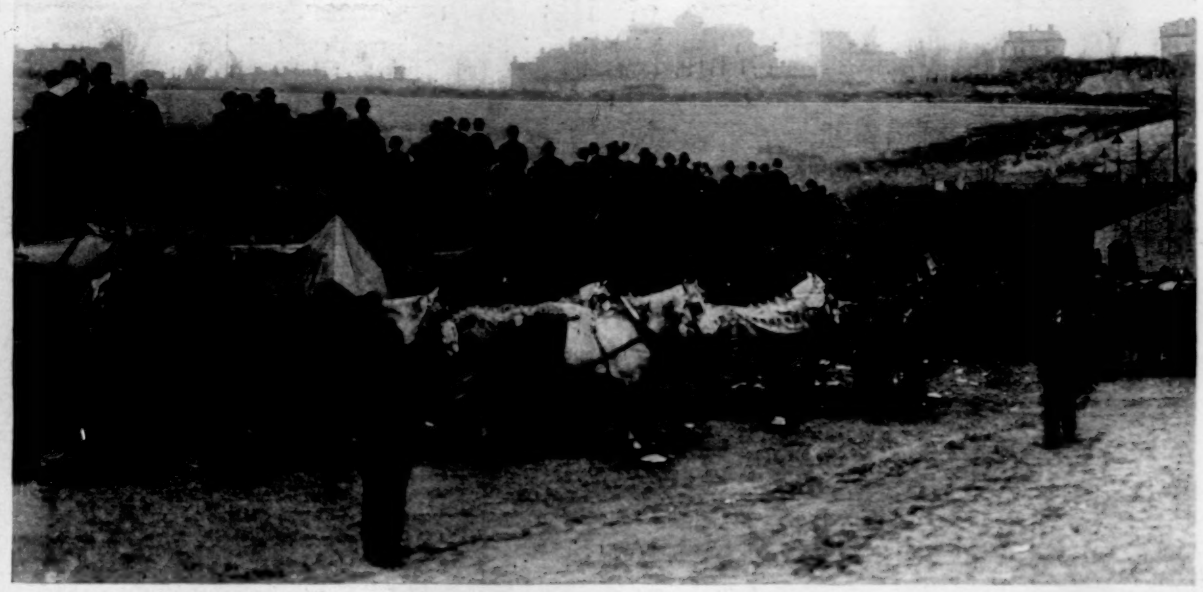
THE HOME CLUB CARRIED OFF the honors of the day, winning first, second, and third place. The home players have naturally the advantage in a more thorough knowledge of the course, but then most of the men from the outside clubs had played the links in former tournaments, and were not wholly at a loss. We expect a better average play from the St. Andrews men, as their club is the oldest, and years of practice count for much. A team made up of Stoddart, the Sands brothers, Livermore, Armstrong, and Park or Ten Eyck, could undoubtedly win over any other six.

THE KNOLLWOOD handicap was principally remarkable for the enormous allowances given to the rank and file. Four men out of the nine who finished the thirty-six holes were presented with seventy strokes apiece, and of course one of their number won the match. Van Etten, the club champion, was not at his best, but he managed to come within six strokes of the winner and nine short of his own record. It is true that while the game is new some encouragement must be given to beginners to have any contest at all, but the class for incorrigible duffers should be kept down to reasonable limits. The handicapped player should make it his noblest ambition to get down to scratch, and let the prizes go to the people who seem to think that golf is a polite form of charity.

COMPARISONS ARE CONFESSEDLY ODIOUS, but it may be interesting to take some average English scores and see how our American records look beside them. Of course everybody knows that golf has been immensely popular in the British Islands for some years past, while in this country the game is still in its infancy. Evidently the advantage is all on the side of our transatlantic cousins, especially in the development of a younger generation of players. To compare the scores made in the amateur championship meetings would be decidedly too one-sided, but it is fair enough to take such a tournament as the one held at Peebles last month under the auspices of the Border Golfers' Association, and consider it as representative of the general run of play. At that meeting there were 117 entries from nine different clubs, and it is to be noted that it was not in any way a competition of "cracks," none of the well-known names being on the list. Taking the fifty-eight best scores (gross), or fifty per cent. of the entry list, and the average is a trifle over 92, a showing that is certainly very creditable.

There has been no meeting on this side of the water that has brought out a field comparable in numerical strength with the one just spoken of, but we may take the handicap at Lakewood ten days ago as perhaps fairly representative of American golf. As at Peebles, there were entries from nine clubs, and thirty-two men started. Taking the first sixteen scores (gross), or fifty per cent. again of the entry list, and the average is a trifle short of 95, a balance against us of three strokes. And this is really about as good golf as we can show, a handsome majority of our leading players participating. Indeed, the only absentees of any prominence were McDonald, Lynch, and Livermore, the champion not being present, and the other two withdrawing. And it is the average of sixteen men as against fifty-eight. It is possible that the figures do not fairly indicate the comparative difficulty of the two courses, but for the sake of argument we may assume that they call for about the same quality of golf. Granted that, and it appears that our best play is a little short of the average Scotch and English game. We may comfort ourselves with the reflection that the odds are not very heavy. Given a few more years in which to develop our younger players and the quality of our putting-greens, and the figures may run the other way.

IT IS SIGNIFICANT OF THE WIDESPREAD interest in golf that even at this eleventh hour of the season new courses are being opened for play. Last year at this time most of the existing clubs had closed their doors for the winter, although there was more or less of desultory plays up to the holidays. This season the enthusiasts seem determined to make the very most of their opportunities, quite as though golf possessed the elusive and uncertain qualities of ice-yachting, and was liable to disappear in the first spring thaw. Three new clubs in the immediate neighborhood of New York were formally opened Thanksgiving day, and their courses will be kept open until they are covered up by the deep snow. The Lakewood Club is of course especially favored in the matter of climate, and the



ALONG THE LINE OF COACHES.

WATCHING THE YALE-PRINCETON FOOTBALL GAME AT MANHATTAN FIELD, NEW YORK.

playing there will probably be comfortable enough during most of the winter. Further inland it is different, and even the maddest golfer will find that frost-bitten fingers and club-breaking lies do not conduce to the pleasure of the game. And if the green committees are wise in their generation they will place some common-sense restrictions on the use of the course. While the weather continues open the play will do no harm, and when once hard frozen the club heads will be the chief sufferers. But given the ground hard frozen below, and just enough thaw to soften the surface, and half a dozen players will work more havoc with the green in half a day than a regiment could accomplish in a month of summer play. The iron frost below holds the moisture like a cup, and the irons will cut the turf into hasty-pudding that the next freezing will harden into hopeless roughness.

Golf can be played on the snow, and a red ball is easy to find if the snow itself is not too soft. We may expect to see the enthusiast out in fur gloves and ear-tabs soon, for what else he is to do during the long winter months we know not.

THE ST. ANDREWS PEOPLE ARE EVIDENTLY determined their club shall occupy the same position in American golf that the Scottish St. Andrews holds abroad. The fact that the club proposes to lay out a new eighteen-hole course and erect a twenty-five-thousand-dollar club-house is of no particular importance in itself, but the semi-public character which is to be given to the new links is an interesting bit of news. The details are not yet fully determined upon, but it is understood that while the privileges of the house and course are intended primarily for the club members, any reputable person may readily secure permission to play the course.

This is a very sportsmanlike attitude, and is in pleasing contrast to the iron-clad rule that prevails in many clubs, under which a stranger, regularly introduced, is yet obliged to pay for the privilege of playing. To be sure, the amount is not much, but that it should be levied at all is certainly opposed to the spirit of club hospitality, and has a touch of petty meanness in it. It is to be remembered that this is quite outside the tariff for caddies, the charges for repairing clubs, and the other incidental supplies, for which a stranger expects to pay, as he would for refreshments furnished or the use of a billiard table. The subscriptions at the smart clubs are quite high enough as they are, without compelling a member to pay an extra sum for the pleasure of playing in company with an out-of-town friend. And a one or two weeks' card at a golf club without the privilege of the grounds is an empty sort of courtesy. Of course the St. Andrews plan may contemplate the charging of a small fee to non-members not regularly introduced at the club, but this is quite another thing, and a manifestly reasonable restriction.

THE MORRIS COUNTY CLUB has no official connection with the Field Club at Morristown, but the latter organization should prove a very useful ally in the way of a training-school for the younger generation. The course at the Field Club is only a five-hole one, and pretty rough at that, but it is a good school for practical golf, and its graduates will be likely to give a good account of themselves when they become eligible (under the age limit) for membership in the larger club. Just as in any other game, the earlier it is learned, the better the golf, and there is some evidence of this already in the very creditable score made by Miss Alice Day in the first semiannual match for the Kip Cup, played over the Field Club course. Miss Day is a beginner, and not yet eighteen years old, but she golfs in wonderfully good and steady form. Her swing is exceptionally true, smooth, and long, and her driving clean and strong. The best professional record for the course is 22, due to the execrable qualities of the present putting-greens. Miss Day has gone around in 28, and her first tournament round was made in 30. Judging from her steady style of play, she would have pressed the leaders closely had she been eligible to enter the Meadow Brook tournament. As a prospective member of the Morris County Club, she ought to make a good showing in the spring match for the Cox Cup.

THE LESSONS OF THE FOOTBALL SEASON just closed have not been many, but the few were forceful, and none more so than that on preliminary training, illustrated by the University of Pennsylvania eleven for the edification of its *alumni* and faculty athletic advisers. The Pennsylvania team ended its season creditably, even brilliantly, and its record from the first to last game played is one in which it may take justifiable pride. Had the *personnel* of the team been of less skilled and seasoned timber, Pennsylvania must have gone through the season of '95 with considerably smaller credit. As it is, the team fell short of its possibilities because it developed its best game too early in the season, and had too much football first, last, and always.

ANOTHER TEAM WITH LESS ABLE INDIVIDUALS would have gone to pieces. Pennsylvania instead lost her ginger, and had only just begun to regain it when Cornell was met, Thanksgiving day, for the final game of the season. Without the preliminary training before the university term the (Pennsylvania) eleven would have gone through the season and its opponents like a whirlwind, and with such a record at its *alma mater* as would not have been equalled probably in many a long year to come. It was more the zephyr for the latter part of its season, but in its last effort on Thanksgiving it revealed its cyclonic possibilities, and swept through and over its opponents with resistless fury. It was commentary enough on the ill-advised policy of working men until their snap had gone out, and their taste sickened of the diet.

So much for the policy of the matter. Now as to the ethics of the question of preliminary training seasons. All the best friends of clean amateur sport—college sport particularly—are agreed that preliminary training has an unwholesome influence on college sport, that it lowers the *morale*, dims the sport for sport's sake, and emphasizes the sport for the sake of winning; makes results too important, contests too serious, takes play out of the game, and makes it work wholly. It is inevitable that these vitiating and totally valueless training seasons must be proscribed by all those who would convince us of their earnest endeavors in the cause of sport for sport's sake. I shall lose my confidence in Pennsylvania's *bona fides* in the good cause if her eleven of '96 finds its way to suburban and preliminary training.

IT WAS DISASTROUS TO CORNELL that the day upon which her eleven went to Philadelphia should also signalize the recovery of Pennsylvania's lost "ginger." It meant the difference between a close game and small score, and foregone conclusions and eventual overwhelming defeat. For it was just the "ginger that changed Penn.'s play from confused and belated direction to a rapid-fire battering-ram that went off like lightning, and was aimed with deadly precision. I think I never saw a style of game where hesitation was so fatal as in that Penn. played this year. Started promptly—nay, with lightning speed—and with confidence, and the combination of skill and individual strength, was wellnigh invincible. But failing in any of its essentials, it degenerated almost to mediocrity. That is why the lack of ginger told so heavily on the team's form, and, too, why want of confidence superinduced by inefficient and what at times had the appearance of prejudiced umpiring in the Harvard game made the score at Cambridge so even.

THE STORY OF THE PENN.-CORNELL is a short one. It tells of pluck on one side and consummate skill on the other. Of sheer desperation that struggled on to the bitter end, and of able generalship and prowess that gathered force as it battled and swept all before to one brilliant and inevitable ending. The game started off with an exchange of kicks, which ended in Penn. having the ball on Cornell's 25-yard line, and in three minutes, by splendid line-work, a touch-down. Another kick off, a fine end run by Gelbert, another by Minds, and Penn. had another six points. The rapidity of Penn.'s plays seemed to have demoralized Cornell. For about five minutes they braced and did some pretty line-work for gains, during which Beacham and Wyckoff carried the ball for a 25-yard end run.

BUT THEREAFTER CORNELL NEVER CAST DOUBT upon the final result. Penn. kept them on the defensive continuously, going through all points of the line, around the ends, and outclassing them in punting by Brooke's remarkable performances. It is of course true that the slippery field operated in favor of Penn., with its much heavier forwards, but no defence Cornell has ever shown could have stemmed the force of Penn.'s attack. It started just on the instant, accumulated headway as it advanced, and struck with crushing power. The rush-line worked as a unit, timing their breaking through and blocking to a nicety. Moreover, Penn. executed some skilful plays, especially that of lining up with the tackle on the ball and the left side of line lapping over Cornell's right, which always resulted in good end gains. They are the only team, too, that has worked the quarter-back kick in its utmost proficiency, sending the ball well off to the side, whereas most of the others in their attempts have kicked the ball straight down the field. Cornell made the great mistake throughout the game of not kicking on every opportunity, and thereby fell into the same error Princeton had committed against Yale. To be sure, Ritchie could not punt with Brooke, but he would have saved the forwards and gained more ground than was done by rushing.

INDIVIDUALLY, FOR CORNELL, Wyckoff, Sweetland, Beacham, and Shoch stood the brunt of the attack, and creditably. For Penn., Dickson, Wharton, Bull, Gelbert, Minds, and Brooke shone especially, but every man played his game, and Williams came nearest his '94 form. Brooke's work was notable; he kicked every goal from touch-down—one for 35 yards from place, and one at 30 from field; his running with the ball was strong, and though his fumble gave Cornell her safety, he more than made up for this mistake by magnificent all-round play. Minds was a revelation in his half-back work. I must reserve further individual comment until taking up the season's review. The umpiring of Dashiell was absolutely fair, as it has always been, and the refereeing of Bliss beyond reproach. It was a clean, hard game, pleasing to players and spectators alike. Score, 46–2.

The discussion of professionalism in Western football will be renewed next week. CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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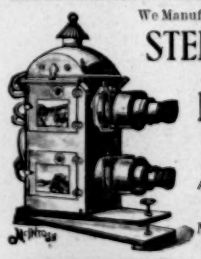

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